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ARRAIGNMENT OF SHAKSPEARE FOR POACHING.



THE RESCUE.

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ONE DOLLAR A-YEAR.

TO THE PUBLIC.

In accordance with promise, the Dollar Magazine appears this month, at the commencement of a new volume, in an improved form, and with a larger page. The embellishments and the contents we think will entitle the number to be considered one of the most valuable which has ever been published, as well as the most attractive. By far the larger portion of the matter is original, and includes the production of writers well known not merely to magazine and newspaper readers, but to the literature of the country, in its highest sense.

An engraved title-page is presented at the commencement of this volume, instead of being deferred to the close, as is the usual custom. The title-page for the last volume has, by one circumstance and another, been delayed so long beyond its proper time of appearance, that we have at last concluded to omit it entirely; and we regret the omission the less because had we procured an engraved page in season for the last volume, it would have been too small for the present. A few sets of volume one, may still be procured at the publication office.

It is a proper time for congratulations—the time according to all acceptance. So much has, however, been said by our contemporaries, daily, weekly, monthly and all, upon the anniversary, that to say any thing of the kind here would seem very like a repetition to almost every reader. However, presuming that no one can have any objections to good wishes, offered in sincerity, we tender ours in a *carte blanche*, which every one addressed must fill up according to circumstances. This is certainly a most liberal arrangement on our part; and we can well afford to be liberal, when the cost is nothing.

The next number of the Magazine will contain another story from Mr. Neal; with such other matter as can be best selected from the four *Jonathans* for the present month; and, like the present number, the Magazine for February will contain one or more articles written expressly for, and first published in it. It is proper here also to remind the reader that the *Quarto Edition* of the *Jonathan* and the *Dollar Magazine* are to be always *entirely distinct* in their matter. The subscriber to both works will have for four dollars, a larger amount of excellent recent literature than the same money will purchase in any other shape.

One of the engravings for this number, designed and engraved expressly for the work, illustrates an incident in the tale entitled "*Marian Marshall*," which commences upon the next page of the Magazine. The other engraving no reader of *Shakspeare* will require should be explained to him. The country magistrate, pompous in his pride of place, who examined William *Shakspeare* for poaching, dreamed little at the time when he was the great man of a small circle, and *Shakspeare* a trembling culprit before him, that the lad to whom he propounded his "*wise saws and modern instances*," would confer upon the Justice an immortality which by no other means could have saved the name and character of the country Squire. Perhaps after all the niche he holds in the hall of fame, is not so very desirable; except to those who would choose any remembrance rather than utter oblivion.

From the London and Paris Ladies' Magazine of Fashion.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

Manteaux vary from the one which is little more than a large pelerine to the long one reaching the feet; cut biais, almost without a seam, they hang very well, and are simple; short manteaux, a l'Espagnol, are cut as a very large pelerine, en biais, falling in folds, with small square collar; they are made of colored velvets, lined with satin or ermine. Pelisse cloaks are made of black or violet velvet, with revers and facings embroidered in cordonnet, and lined with silk of the same color: more simple ones are made of levantine, with pelerine of velvet, of the same color. Large pelerines, or capes, are worn in Paris, of black velvet, lined with deep blue or violet silk, fastening at the throat with a cordeliere or brandenbourgs; another manteau, termed *cloches*, is without hood or cape, the fulness gauged on the shoulders.

Velvet is very much used to trim and ornament dresses, and though flounces of the same material as the dress are not approved, those of lace continue to be worn, particularly black lace on dark dresses. The corsages continue to be made tight, with point or rounded point; and sleeves are still tight, but sometimes a couliasses; the skirts are worn very long, almost training. Redingnotes are made with revers, and pelerines of velvet; those of *toile-de-laine* are made very high, closing with buttons; corsages are also made with flat folds from the shoulder to the waist; skirts are all ornamented, en tablier, with bouillons, fringes, &c.

In Paris the pelerine is quite the fashion of the moment. The pelerine camail is well adapted for the morning negligé; made a little smaller they embellish other dresses, and ornament the plain body, particularly when finished with rich fringes or lace; they will also be worn in full dress of black or white lace, sometimes formed of one piece, or of rows of lace laid on plain, forming square.

The bonnets now worn are very pretty: the crown is low, and the front, narrowing over the forehead, widens at the cheeks; the corners are sometimes a little turned up. Velvet, velours epingle, satins, &c., are the materials used, and the colors are rather dark: feathers are universally worn, and flowers of velvet, or with feuillage of velvet: some are made without bavolet, and satin bonnets a couliasses have ruches of tulle between each runner. Caps a la Puritaine are formed of lappets of lace, with coques of velvet fixed in the centre, in each of these there is a pearl button. Coiffures a la rosiere, a la Chatelaines, a l'Isabeau, are amongst the fashionable caps now worn; in dress-hats, petits bords Victoria, hats a la Jean Bart, turbans a jours, are all in favor, in the shades of *maïs paille*, mineral blue, sable d'Egypte, and Giselle a rouge. Velvet flowers of brilliant colors are made both to ornament caps or for the head.

HORRORS OF AN ASSAULT.—The house contained several puncheons of spirits, which the men present immediately tapped, by striking in the heads. All now soon became madly drunk; and several wretches, especially those mounting the steps that had been placed against the butts to enable them to obtain the rum, fell into the liquor headforemost, and perished unnoticed by the crowd. Several fights took place, in which the drunkenness of the parties alone prevented mischief; and, to crown the whole, a light falling into one of the barrels of spirit, the place was set on fire, and many poor wretches, who, from the quantity of liquor they had swallowed, and incapable of moving, were consumed in the flames. — *Costello's Adventures of a Soldier.*

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

MARIAN MARSHALL.

A TALE OF A CONSTANT HEART.

CHAPTER I.

A TEA PARTY.

In the ordinary periods of national peace and prosperity, men fancy that they love, and are loved again. All this may be, and is; but in these "piping times of peace," sincerity is not proved by those perils and griefs which teach the soul of what depth and earnestness, what devotion and singleness of love, it is capable. Love of country, love of kind, and love of one, are three emotions indivisible in their sincerity; and no one can possess either affection in its purity without the others.

When women feared for those whom they loved; when tender hearts spurred their ruder mates to deeds of daring, anxious for their fame, while they trembled for their safety, sacrificing self to duty; when grey-beard men girded infants with the trappings of war, and mothers wept their leave of the children whom they consecrated to their country and their God: When lovers parted as those who knew not what peril escaped might furnish matter for the next conversation, or in what shape death might come to intercept all future meetings: At such a time in the history of our country—the era in the records of the eighteenth century—lived the heroine of our story. Born in Boston, her nursery tales were of Sir Edmund Andros, the Royal Governor, against whom, a century before the troubles which resulted in the freedom of the colonies, the rebellious Bostonians turned the Royal Artillery. She was familiar with all the events in the history of Massachusetts, which had led the royalists to designate it the factious colony; and which indicated the faith of the people: That true loyalty is submission to a government properly administered, but that it is not incompatible with resistance against any misrule, however established. The Commonwealth, erected by Oliver Cromwell, and his puritan associates, never was lost among their kindred in New England. Concealed, it dwelt in men's hearts. Occasionally only the latent flame darted forth, until, in '75 it burst out—a consuming fire, and the beacon light on Bunker Hill, was answered in every colony of the Old Thirteen; answered as men answer an expected signal, where the soul is resolved, and the hand waits to follow its instant bidding.

Marian Marshall was one of that generation to whom Providence confided the political redemption of the human race—through whom were asserted the great truths that the world was made for the people, and not for its rulers; that the governors are properly the delegates and representatives of the governed; that the interests of both should be identical, and that the majesty of the being who was created a little lower than the angels is not intended as the accidental investiture of the few, but as the birth-right of all; that in fine, the multitude were not made to walk erect, merely that they may show in greater contrast the humility of a bow to the imperial purple, and to the glittering yellow which clothed the calves of human worship, for the ages that the right divine to govern wrong was the one sword-supported paradox of universal acceptance. The glorious freedom of virgin nature, on which no time-honored abuses had set their seal, taught the pilgrims of the Mayflower this lesson. The first step upon the pilgrim rock woke an echo in their hearts, which has reverberated till a world hears and respects it. From sire to son the lesson was bequeathed, that religious liberty and political slavery are incompatible—from mother to daughter the lesson descended, for when God made a helpmeet for man, he made woman his countenance. Mighty men were the founders of New England; terrible is an army with banners, but the rallying cry, "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" is invincible, though it sound beneath the folds of none of the insignia which mark the pomp of war. There are few maids of Arc to lead the actual onslaught—but there are mightier than Joan, in the prompting of the sentiments of true woman, wherever woman is born free.

Such a woman was Marian; and her accepted could have found no favor in her eyes, had he been less than the man for his country in her hour of peril. If they spoke of self in their interviews, it was to look forward to their union, as the crowning event, to them, of the successful resistance against oppression, in which men's minds were embarked and to which their hands tended. Before the date at which our story opens, the first blood had been shed. The King Street Massacre in Boston, had awakened the horror throughout the country, which the first shedding of

man's blood by man caused in Eden. Trumpet tongued the news of that rencontre had flown, and as the war horse answers impatiently the trumpet note, still held in check by his rider; so beat a nation's pulse, impatient for permission to dash forward in vengeance for the pollution of its soil by the hirelings of a crown. Still the ties of association, and the habit of respect and obedience to the royal authority were not all broken. Men hoped, as men have hoped for more impossible things, for the reconciliation of insulted power and contumacious dependence—for an union of oil and water. Yet while they thus deferred the precise definition of what they sought by resistance; while they did not yet dare to think of a successful attempt to erect a new government among the nations of the earth, they did not cease to resist their oppressors, trusting the direction and issue of their resistance to the future.

On the afternoon of the sixteenth of December, 1773, Marian's hand was pressed, for the last time, by him who counted then on its possession, as confidently as any affianced one of our day counts upon the consummation of his hopes. The pressure was affectionately and tremblingly answered; for he had told her that he was bound upon a perilous duty; but of its description he had not confided the nature to her.—Frequent meetings, at which he had been present, had been held in the then town of Boston; open assemblies of undisguised purpose; the real result and determination of which were known only to the few, who called the meetings to know if the public mind warranted their prosecution of a deed already planned. That night such a shoal barred the approach to Griffin's (now Liverpool) wharf, as has never since impeded the navigation of any dock in the known world. Cargoes of the wealth of China were cast into the dock—not thrown overboard in a hurry, as the work of timid men, in haste to half do their work and flee, but systematically broken up, box by box, and poured into the water. The last survivors of that party have gone—the very lad who mixed the punch for the conspirators, at the house of Benj. Edes, in Marshall's lane (strange that printers are always rebels,) has gone to his last account, an aged man. To the actors in this scene, it seemed but a deed of temporary importance. Had they known that for every chest thrown into the water an hundred men would fall—and that for every tea leaf a drop of blood would desert a heart sluggishly fluttering in its last pulsations, the work of that night would have seemed to them no deed of one hour, but a long step taken in the stride of a nation. The Boston Tea Party secured the Independence of the United States; it was the event which forced oppressors and oppressed to a position from which they could not recede.

CHAPTER II.

THE ESCAPE.

The reader will infer that the betrothed of Marian was among the "tea party." She needed no other intimation of the fact, than hearing that the deed was done, for she knew that wherever active duty was to be performed, he was first among the foremost. Her heart swelled with exultation, ill-repressed before those of her acquaintances who were royalists,—an exultation never concealed, and triumphantly expressed whenever she met those of kindred political truth to their country. But the triumph of her feelings of patriotism was reserved for the hour when she should hear from his own lips, an account of the feat at the temerity of which the royalists were actually aghast, and which made even the temperate colonists shake their heads with doubt of its expediency. She did not doubt—nor for a moment hesitate. He had been engaged in it, and that was her warrant for its propriety, and she longed to assure him, in her maiden devotion and sincerity, how heartily she approved of the adventure, and how warmly she congratulated him upon its complete success. Poor Marian! That hour of triumph never came to her!

We reverence the members of the "tea party" now. We search records, compare circumstances, and sift tradition to discover who were its members, that their names may be declared as the names of those, the memory of whom the people delight to honor. In its day, however, the destruction of the tea was one of those events, which wait their result, before a world can determine whether to approve or condemn. It was unequivocally lawless—a felonious destruction of property, in the construction of that law, the royal ministers of which were still recognised. The actors were legally felons, and liable to mulct and imprisonment. The disguise which they assumed successfully defied penetration, and that success in secrecy, is one of the best arguments to which the historian now refers for the proof of the unanimity of the public feeling. Marian had none of whom she could ask, "Was Josiah your companion?" She

dared not breathe a hint to her dearest friend that he was one of the tea-destroying Indians. She feared, even, to allude to his painfully protracted absence, for that alone would mark him an object of suspicion. Without a confidant, without the consolation of one word of hope or solace, she brooded over his disappearance; and as week after week, and month after month were added to his long absence, the pain of hope deferred made her heart sick. Still she never forgot to hope, and, being by her private grief in a manner personally identified with the fast coming events of those revolutionary times, she conversed upon each successive step of oppression and of resistance, with all the interest of the most ardent patriot. To her it seemed that he must be in some manner present and a participant; and at every patriotic shout which rose, her heart leaped in honor of the man, who, she knew, would have aided and approved. While his absence caused forgetfulness in the general mind, in her imagination he was fighting the battles of his country.

Nearly a year had passed. Josiah Mather was buried in the hearts of his friends and his name was no longer mentioned, save as that of one departed. Hope after hope had mocked and deceived Marian Marshall, until even she no longer counted her betrothed as among the living.—Still it was wonderful—that not one word had been heard of or from him since he bade her farewell—that not even then was a word said on his part of the future. She recalled every syllable that was uttered during that last interview, and daily, hourly, did she mentally speak as she then spoke, and his replies, repeated in the memory as faithfully as the light repeats objects in the camera, seemed to her even as when first spoken. At each repetition of this mental interview, it had the newness and freshness of reality. She ceased at length to remember him as one gone forever; she thought of him only as a friend just parted from her with a promise of speedy return, and she had forgotten that his return had passed—forever!

Marian was first lapsing into harmless insanity, when the perils of the times forced her mind back to the realities of her situation. An orphan child, she had been educated by a maiden aunt, whose fondness for tea had retained her among the loyal adherents of the crown. As it became apparent that a rupture between the parent country and the colonies could not be avoided, and as the lady felt no obligation to remain in the country and share the punishment of rebels in whose political sins she had not participated, she determined upon return to the father land; counting of course upon the removal, with her, of her ward. Marian had determined differently for herself.

But where was the orphan to seek refuge? She almost chid Providence that her sex did not permit her to bear arms, and mingle in the struggle which was rapidly approaching. In her aunt's circle of acquaintance she could look for no advice. Out of it she had no acquaintances, since the disappearance of Josiah Mather. During his life he had presented her to some families of his own patriotic faith; but as the breach between the loyal and rebel parties had widened, her aunt had taken care to prevent her access to any such rebellious companions. Visit her, they could not; and the knowledge that the betrothed of a patriot slept beneath Miss Marshall's roof protected the house from the violent entry which had been forced into other mansions, where the "tea-caddy" still held an important place among the garniture, despite the rebel mandates against it.

The last vessel for the fall of 1774, was up for England. Miss Marshall had engaged berths for her herself and niece, without consulting the latter. The ship sailed from Salem, for the port of Boston had been closed by act of Parliament, as a punishment for the destruction of the three cargoes of tea, in the year previous. The two ladies waited the conveyance which was to bear them from the home so long dear to them,—dear for the memory of the dead—dear for the protection it had afforded them against danger. The carriage drew up to the door. Miss Marshall saw from the window the few articles of baggage which they had reserved for the last, packed upon the carriage. She looked round for Marian—she looked again at the coach to see if she had anticipated her by seating herself there—she took a hasty run through the house, and its empty rooms echoed her calls for Marian! No Marian answered.—Miss Marshall's effects were already embarked—the conveyance could wait no longer, and it was the last—if she remained she was a beggar in a town where her friends grew every day fewer—and the woman had no choice, but to leave some hasty directions with a friend to forward Marian after, if possible, and to take her seat in the coach with a heavy heart.

CHAPTER III.

A HOUSE OF REFUGE.

In nothing but the newspapers of that day are the minute records of times in 1774—5 in Boston, preserved. For much of the period there are few events so important, as to merit the attention of the grave historian. But while the sturdy Bostonians, whose very children were full of the obstinacy of resistance, were subjected to the etiquette of a garrison town, and while armed men formed a police, jealous of the people, and anxious for pretexts for quarrel, it will readily be perceived that the town enjoyed little of the quiet which appears, at this distance to have rested upon it. The whole city rang with the music, frolic and gaiety of the officers of the army and the few wealthy royalists who were ambitious of the honor of being their hosts; while the establishments of some of the officers of the gentlemen of the army themselves, would have been enough to give apparent life and hilarity to a larger town than Boston. Faneuil Hall was taken possession of as an amateur theatre, for which the wits of the army wrote farces. The "Old South Church" was broken up in the interior, for a riding school; and while the royal party showed their contempt for the still incipient rebellion by festivity and parade; hate and determination to revenge these insults scowled from beneath the eye-lids of the citizens.

It was night—near midnight. A weary woman tottered with weakness and exhaustion into Dock Square from one of the narrow avenues leading into that place. A noisy crowd of soldiers and their friends had just poured out of old Faneuil, shouting the catch words of mockery upon the Yankees which they had just heard there in the "tremendously successful" drama. The poor wanderer, jostled by the crowd, sought shelter in an angle beneath the projecting stories of the then old and still standing building on one of the corners, now occupied as a feather warehouse. While the first crowd passed, she was safe, for the press of passengers left them little desire to look aside. But when the stragglers, who had waited, probably to fortify their courage with the then universal beverage, came shouting along, kicking about whatever of the property of the citizens chanced to be exposed, she no longer escaped notice, nor did she escape taunts and revilings. Words however moved her not, though their import sent the virtuous blood to her cheeks—but when one of the debauchees, ruder than the rest placed his hand upon her shoulder, desperation lent her strength, and levelling the brute with an unexpected blow, she darted up the street, screaming with affright.

A dozen men followed in pursuit of the fugitive. The frolic was too excellent to permit them to hesitate, with such a quarry as they deemed her, in sight. The street echoed with the view halloo, given by a drunken cornet, and affrighted more than ever by the (to her) unintelligible shout, she sunk against a door. The householder who was just opening it, to peep out at the confusion, caught the fainting girl in his arms, and in another instant, the entrance was closed, and silently fastened. The baffled soldiers shouted a moment in the neighborhood, examined a corner or two, and then separated. The streets once clear, a light was struck in the house, and the insensible girl was borne into an apartment. "My God!" exclaimed the man who had protected her, "it is MARIAN MARSHALL!"

She had fallen into good hands—and the care of friends soon lulled her excited feelings into repose. The family into whose protection chance had thrown her were dear friends of her beloved lost one, and before the interdict had been placed by her aunt upon her visiting and receiving visits among the rebels, she had spent many a happy hour under that roof. Every thing there now, tended to re-assure and comfort her; but much had to be carefully communicated to her before she could fully understand and realize why such pleasant familiar faces were about her. She recollected the preparations made for her voyage, as preparations for an impending evil which she rejoiced to have escaped, but she could recall nothing which happened on the day previous to her seeking refuge in the house of kind protectors.

He who orders every thing for good, had blessed Marian in what seemed her most terrible misfortunes—the desertion of her aunt, and the rude pursuit of the hiring soldiers. The events of that day produced such an impression upon her mind as to remove the weakening insanity which possessed it before. She rose from her bed of sickness, under the care of Dr. Warren, not less a patriot than before, but no longer a wanderer in intellect. Calmly, with the aid of her friends she reviewed the circumstances relative to her lover's disappearance; but it was a wonder

ful circumstance that she could no longer recal a word which passed at their last interview. She made patient inquiries of all who could be supposed capable of throwing any light upon the subject which harassed her; and when all was fruitless, she with others reluctantly came to the conclusion that he was no longer among the living. No paroxysms of grief followed this conclusion; but a calm and pleasant melancholy settled upon the heart which felt sure of meeting the loved one again in heaven.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DARK AND BLOODY GROUND.

While Kentucky was still the indefinite Western part of Virginia, it received the name of the "dark and bloody ground." The quarrels between France and Great Britain had made the aborigines legally ferocious—as their sanguinary habits were used as the instruments of war by white men, claiming to be civilized. Savages are spirits which will come at the bidding, but which cannot be laid at the will of the invoker. Ever ready to embark in hostility at the bidding of the whites, they never could understand the instructions of their white allies, with half so much alacrity when ordered to smoke the pipe of peace, as when directed to light the torch of war. Consequently, whenever Indians have been employed as the warlike allies of the whites, the declaration of peace has not cured them of the predatory and sanguine practices of war. It was among such Indians that Daniel Boone attempted his first settlements in the Western Wilds.

In this wild country, where Boone had preceded them several years before, a party of hunters were in the fall of 1775, laying out a town on the banks of the Elkhorn. In the whole of our wide country there is not a more delightful spot, developed as its capabilities now are by the improvements of culture, and improved by a thriving, but not dense population. In its original wildness its picturesque beauties were as striking, as its cultivated elegance is now enchanting. Among those who first built their cabins upon this spot was the husband of Marian; and among the first women who tempted the wilds of Kentucky was our heroine.

Josiah Mather, the first love, had never been heard from, and Marian had given her hand to the next worthy man in her estimation, *his* friend and her protector when she sought a refuge on the night commemorated in the preceding chapter. The first feelings in which the two had community, were grief for the disappearance and presumed death of Mather; for Thomas Carter had loved him as a brother—and so unselfish and sincere was the consolation that he attempted to give the bereaved, that we are not to wonder it was first reciprocated by regard, and then that mutual affection sprang up between the couple. Perhaps there was not so much romance as in her first attachment, for Carter and herself had both grown beyond the years when passion is mistaken for affection, and selfish jealousy is supposed to be true love. Perhaps, also, she did not love her husband with all the wild devotion fancy had painted, when Mather filled the place of husband in her earlier dreams of the future; nor had he lived, would the reality have met her girlish anticipations. At the risk of being denounced by our young readers, we shall take the liberty to pronounce Marian Carter as substantially happy in her marriage relations, as she could have been, had events been shaped precisely to her wishes.

The honey moon was scarcely over, when, in the rude structure which forms the first domicile of the hardy pioneer, she centred all her chastened thoughts of home and happiness. Peril, she had been accustomed to, and it gave her, therefore, no nervous and childish fear, when the hunters brought home in the evening, the tales they had heard of Indian barbarities during the days they were absent. The Indian is a cowardly and stealthy foe, and Marian had learned enough of their character, to fear nothing, though the women of the settlement were alone, while daylight was their protection; but she did fear, in the darkness of the night watches, with her husband at her side, lest they should be startled from their repose by the flames of their dwelling. Nay, she felt almost able to cope alone with the foe by daylight, and it was with an absolute feeling of relief that she welcomed the day, which sent her husband abroad.

But our dreams of security often betray us into danger; and Marian was seized at the very hour when she deemed herself in safety. At noonday a shadow dimmed the entrance of her cabin—she looked up with an expression of surprise that her husband had so early returned, and the next instant, with a hand clutched so firmly over her mouth as to prevent her utterance of a word, she was hurried by two Indians into the depths

of a neighboring forest. She gnashed her teeth upon the fingers of her captor, but he bore the pain with stoical fortitude, and silently nodded to his companion. In an instant a withe was cut, and her utterance effectually prevented. Her hands were tied behind her, and while one of her conductors led the way, she was driven, at the point of the other's hatchet between them.

A weary way was traversed that day and night, before the savages deemed it prudent to rest. Then, building a fire, they permitted their prisoner to repose her limbs beside it, taking the precaution to watch by turns, while the other slept. When they deemed themselves safe from pursuit, they had removed the bandage from her mouth, and the comparative comfort which that act of scanty grace afforded, seemed to the captive almost like a restoration to liberty. A long, long night, was that spent by the Indian fire, and through the whole of it, it did not seem that the eye of her guard relaxed its watch an instant, till just before the day dawned, when manacled as she was, she stole to her feet and attempted to elude their vigilance. The first crackle of the dry brush beneath her step brought both her captors to their feet; and in punishment for her attempted escape, they bound her securely to some trees, and mocked her sufferings with contumelious and taunting gestures.

When the day dawned, a new fright awaited her. The two tormentors quarrelled for the possession of the captive, and while she could not mistake the tenor of their dispute, the only mercy which she besought of heaven was that her captors might end their dispute, and her sufferings together, by her death. Her prayer seemed on the point of being answered—one of the Indians had raised a knife over her in a threatening attitude—when the sharp crack of a rifle echoed in the forest, and the Indian lay dead at her feet. She who had not fainted beneath the danger, sunk to insensibility at the hope of release.

Her deliverer bounded into the little opening, threw down his rifle, and engaged hand to hand with the remaining Indian. In such a struggle, the white hunter is ever superior to his savage foe, and the second Indian fell instantly beneath a well directed blow, before he had time to seek the savage covert of the bush. Marian was instantly released by her deliverer, who bore his insensible burthen to a spring, and bathed her temples. Her eyes opened—slowly at first—then gazing wildly, she sprung to her feet. As she sank upon his bosom, she said, "I knew we should meet again in heaven." A calm smile passed over her features for an instant, and the rigid hand of death fixed them in the next in their mild expression of calm and heavenly joy.

JOSEPH MATHER gently lay the corse upon the earth, and left the widowed husband to the sympathy of his friends, who had been drawn to the spot, in their pursuit of the lost, by the crack of his rifle. He saw the husband's grief, and needed no other relation of the circumstances in which he had stood to the deceased. Abruptly leaving the party, none of them ever saw him again. Joseph Mather was among the first Americans who fell at the storming of Yorktown in 1781. For years he had been foremost in the fight, but the death he sought never came to him, until that important victory crowned the military operations of the American revolution and secured the successful issue of the war.

Some little explanation of Mather's long silence may be due the reader. The aunt of Marian could have explained much of it, while she lived, had she chosen to assume the guilt of having made Marian for years a partial lunatic, and of having blighted Mather's happiness for life. To the day of his death he believed that the letters which he had received, purporting to be from Marian, coldly and cruelly discarding him, were hers. To his death he carried his broken heart—his grief that she who loved him even in death, had betrayed his affection. His sudden appearance in the forest, and his as sudden departure prevented his recognition by any one, except her who died before she bore testimony to it. On the very morning after the destruction of the tea cargo, he accepted a mission of trust from the leaders of the movements in Boston, to their friends in some of the Southern Colonies. On his return to Boston disguise was necessary, but he would have confided his secret to Marian if to no other. Her aunt intercepted the correspondence, which should have led to an interview; and sick at heart with the seeming treachery of Marian, he never returned to his native city. Seeking in adventure forgetfulness of his disappointment, he followed Boone into the forest, but to close the eyes of Marian, and add new fuel to the grief which consumed him, until at length, he rejoined his beloved, in the land where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

H. H. W.

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

THE SWITCH-TAIL PACER.

A TALE OF OTHER DAYS.

BY JOHN NEAL.

CHAPTER I.

The family were all gathered about a large open fire-place. Two huge back logs, half-a-dozen foresticks, and a pile of brush—enough to supply a modern fire-place for a month, were in full blast. The green wood began to smoke and steam—pouring out the sap from both ends like yest—the lighted pitchknots underneath, to send up the vast gorge of the chimney a cloud of thick black smoke and fierce crimson flame—and the hemlock brush to crackle and sparkle with a most alarming vehemence and pertinacity.

Upon the wooden settles that occupied each corner of the fire-place were seated the elder children—Joshua, Joseph and Thankful; upon the new dye-pot, Nathan—a graduate of Yale College, at home for a thanksgiving visit, previous to opening a school for the winter; upon five blocks of wood—sawed off the ends of the large timber at the new Meeting House—five other children, between the ages of three and eight—and upon the only three chairs ever allowed in the kitchen—with tall straight backs, and flag bottoms, mended with list and leather—Elder Hale, the father, Aunt Nabby, the mother, and the hired man—the hired girl, or *help*, having taken possession of the front room for the accommodation of Squire Farley, a young lawyer from 'tother side the river, who had engaged her to sit up with him every Saturday-night till after Thanksgiving.

The floor had just been newly sanded and swept with a new hemlock broom into a great variety of herring bone patterns; old Watch, the house-dog, had crawled out upon the hearth, and lay with his nose in the ashes; the Bible had been brought forth and reverently placed upon a large round cherry-tree table, which was never used for any thing else—the old man's spectacles were laid upon the open page, and his eyes were fixed upon the clock.

At this moment, a loud rapping was heard upon the top-most panel of the front door, as if with the butt end of a loaded whip or a horseman's pistol.

There was a look of astonishment in all their faces, but nobody spoke. The rapping was repeated. The old man looked at Joshua—nodded in silence—and Joshua got up and went to the door, which opened through a sort of porch, directly into the kitchen where they were assembled, and having set his shoulder against it, and loosened the huge wooden latch, it sprung open with great violence, a tempest of snow entered the room, and in the midst of it was seen a horse's head, with a man muffled up to the eyes, leaning forward, as if rather disposed to continue his journey toward the fire-place, without dismounting.

"Sarvant 'Sir! wont you alight and walk in? it's a'most an awful storm," said Joseph.

"No, thankee, my lad—I only want to know where I am."

"Why, you're abut a'—hadn't yer better though,"—here another tremendous gust blew down the chimney and filled the whole room with smoke, and sending a torrent of sparks right into the face and eyes of horse and rider both—neither of them stirred—though the heavy mane and shaggy fore-locks were lifted in the whirling blast—put a stop to all further conversation for several minutes.

"I say though, friend,"—continued the youth, taking the beast by the bridle as he spoke, and trying to catch a glimpse of the rider—

"Hold your tongue, Joseph! Hadn't you better jump off, sir, and warm yourself, and take a mouthful o' supper and a drink o' cider," said his father, getting up, and pointing to a large pewter mug that stood sizzling between two large masses of rock, that served for andirons, "you'll find a comfortable seat and a hearty welcome here, I promise you."

"No, I thank yer, old gentleman."

"Hadn't ye better, now?"

"How far is it to the nearest tavern?"

"There ain't no tavern hereabouts—or none to speak of," continued Elder Hale—"so, if you ain't obleeged to keep on, why, maybe you'd better put up here; we'll do our best to make yer comfortable—Here Josh—here Na-than—up with yer, about the quickest, yer lazy whelps, you! an' take the stranger's beast to the barn."

Up jumped Joshua, the eldest, and Nathan, the graduate, and all the rest of the family began to gather about the door—the hired man among them, with his hands in his trousers' pockets half way up to the elbows; all staring at the horse, and wondering at the strange brightness of his eyes, and still more that he didn't flinch at the blazing fire and rushing sparks. At last, and before the stranger had time to recollect himself, for he was evidently undecided, a dismal whispering was heard among the children—and then there was a scream—and then the door of the front room was burst open, and forth rushed Squire Farley with a countenance of unspeakable terror, followed by Keturah, the help, staggering and breathless.

Again there poured forth a torrent of red sparks from the chimney—old Watch began to shew his teeth and creep toward the door—the horse snorted and threw up his head, so as to twitch the bridle out of Joseph's hands, who seemed to have lost the power to speak—and the next moment horse and rider both disappeared in a whirlwind of snow.

For a whole minute after they had vanished, the old man stood at the door, with his hand over his eyes, looking into the darkness after them—and for many minutes, not a loud word was spoken.

"Father!" whispered the youngest—a child of three, with teeth chattering and eyes as big as saucers—"Father, was it the switch-tail pacer?"

At this moment the clock struck five. Coming from a large and almost empty room, and listened to with open mouths and beating hearts, in the unearthly stillness, it sounded preternaturally loud.

"I knew that clock was too slow!" said the old man, with a somewhat altered voice—"full five minutes too slow yer sec. I'll warrant ye that stranger knew the time to a second."

All eyes were turned upon him, but nobody ventured to speak.

"Shet the door, Joseph—shet the door and bar it," continued he—"d'ye hear?"

"Bar it, father?"

"Yea—bar it. The sun has set. The week's labor is over. The Sabbath of the Lord has begun. We shall have no further disturbance to-night—let us pray."

Prayer followed, and a chapter in the Bible selected for the occasion; after which, one passage was dwelt upon with great earnestness, and explained. It was Samuel i. 28—where Saul, and the woman having a familiar spirit, are mentioned as having held communion with the Spirit of Samuel.

These exercises over, the children had their supper of hasty-pudding and milk, and were sent off to bed, while the others continued huddled together about the fire—looking straight into the ashes—with their knees apart, and both hands spread to the glowing warmth; now twirling their thumbs, and now rubbing their shins—or lifting the cider to their mouths, at long intervals, in profound silence—while Aunt Nabby kept repeating, for the fiftieth time, that she never knew but one such storm in her life, and that lasted a week—and no wonder—for the switch-tail-pacer was out with the northern lights 'most all the time; and they do say she was seen to go by the meetin' house door, while Parson Fairpint was a-christenin' old Marm Larrabee's first baby—no wonder it came to the gallows at last."

"Why, mother!—how can you pay any regard to such stories?" whispered Nathan.

"Hold your tongue, boy!" said the father—"what can you know about sich matters?"

"But father—"

"Shet up, I say! How dare ye speak to your mother after that fashion? Hear what the Lord saith"—opening the Bible, as he spoke, and reading with the greatest possible solemnity, the following passage:—"The eye that mocketh at his father, and de-

spiseth to obey his *mother*, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat."—Prov. xxx. 17.

Poor Nathan smiled—and then grew very red in the face. The hired man groaned aloud, and Keturah—she contrived to touch the toe of Squire Farley, who looked up at the clock—had no idea 'twas so late—glanced at the windows, already white with snow—and thought on the whole 'twas time to be a goin'.

But no. The family understood their business better. And while the daughters were bustling about and getting ready for the morrow, and the boys were arranging their newly-greased shoes, and hanging up their wet buskins to dry—long woollen stockings that reached above the knee, and shaped like gaiters where they came down over the shoes, to which they were secured by a strap passing underneath; for boots, as everybody in all the colonies knew, being only "shoes at a guinea a pair," according to the published calculations of old Ben Franklin, the printer, nobody thought of wearing such unprofitable contrivances in the country—the old folks began to prepare for bed, the father by unbuttoning the knees of his corduroy breeches and loosening his gaiters, and Aunt Nabby, by warming her night-cap, inside out, and wrapping an old woollen petticoat over a piece of pine plank, which, beside being "a sartin cure for the roomatiz and night-mare," was no bad thing for cold feet in the dead of winter.

In five minutes more, the kitchen would have been empty of all but Keturah, the help, and Squire Farley, who began to exhibit very unequivocal signs of impatience—and no great willingness to betake himself alone to a distant and rather cold apartment, where a fire had been kept all day to no purpose, with such a *scarecrow* as he called the handsome, healthy and happy looking girl he had come to spark it with—when reproaching her with timidity.

But just as Aunt Nabby had taken up a large, old fashioned brass candle-stick—the only thing of the sort to be found in all that region—it was a wedding present from old grand-mother Trip, and her constant companion for years, having visited as much, and seen just about as much of the ways of the world, at one time, as the dear old woman herself; both having been borrowed, for all great occasions, as long as they lasted, by all the young housekeepers of the neighborhood for full three quarters of a century—well, just as Aunt Nabby had taken up the old brass candle-stick, and was about fixing in the socket a candle of bayberry tallow—about the size of your little finger, and as green as a leek, a loud rap was heard at the back-door—another!—and another!—*one, two, three!*

"*Marcy on us!*" cried Aunt Nabby, dropping the bayberry candle into the ashes, "*Oh my!—oh dear!—what's that!*" shrieked the help, while Comfort and Thankful and Eunice huddled together in silence, and the boys moved towards the back-door in a body—and Watch got up and shook himself, and bristled all over, as if ready to leap at the throat of any thing that should venture to appear in that quarter.

"Who's there?" said the old man.

There was no answer. The wind roared down the chimney. The snow rattled, as if mixed with rain and hail, against the windows, and the old house shook to its foundations.

"Who's there, I say!" shouted the old man again, with the whole strength of his voice—reaching up his hand as he called, and grasping a seven-foot rifle which hung over the fire-place, "*stand back, boys! and let me see what's to pay.*"

The boys obeyed—their teeth chattering in spite of all they could do—and the old man went straight to the door, and was opening it, when lo! the knocking was repeated at the front door—*one!—two!—three!*

"Father!—father!—I saw somebody looking into the window!" shrieked the youngest daughter, dropping into a chair and covering her face with her hands.

Nathan sprang to the door—pulled it open by main force, and bare-headed as he was, plunged into the snow and the darkness, followed by Joseph and Joshua, and Squire Farley—the hired man holding back and shaking his head, and the old gentleman shouting after them, at the top of his voice, to come back! come back! or the Phi-

stines would be upon them! But they heeded him not—they heard him not; and the family were left wondering, with the door wide open, and the snow closing in up to the very hearth, until at the end of a few minutes, the boys returned, leading in a poor distracted creature, who began to rave about the switch tail pacer, which he declared he had seen three times that very evening—and once, while he was under the bridge picking his way along as best he could in the fierce wind, and blinding drift, which had completely blocked up the roads—he heard a clattering of hoofs in the air, and happening to look up, he saw between him and the sky, the apparition of a horse and rider at full speed, going over the bridge on the stringers—all the planks having been taken up the day before, to repair it.

"Poh, poh, neighbor Trip—the thing's impossible. He don't know what he's sayin'."

"Don't I!—and maybe, I didn't see her again, just as I had got up the hill—steerin' right straight into your front door?—and you'd like to make me believe, maybe, how't when I got to your back door, not five minutes ago, I didn't happen to see her agin, the torminted critter, galloppin' right through the lower orchard, back o' the new growth, full split—with her great black mane risin' an' fallin' at every plunge—con-earn it all!"

"So, then—it was you that knocked at both doors, just now, was it?"

"I!—no indeed!—I only knocked at the front door, and whin I heer'd her a comin', just took to my heels—I tell ye! about the quickest."

"Her!—who?"

"Her—who!—why, there now! Elder Hale! jest as ef you didn't know who 'twas, as well as anybody!"

"Perhaps I may—but who did you say it was?"

"I!—well—I say it was the—the—" and looking about on all sides and catching his breath—"I say it was the *switch-tail pacer*—there!"

"I thought so!—Lord have massy on us, if I didn't!" cried Aunt Nabby; "and now Jonathan Hale"—speaking to her husband—"I'll tell you what it is, Jonathan—it's my belief that this 'ere house is haunted, and the sooner we git it off our hands, the better—for I've no idee of battlin' with the powers o' the air—oh Lord! there it comes again!—one!—two!—three—oo-oo-oogh!"

"Three times three—upon my word, wife, it is very extraordinary. Boys—"

"Father!—"

"You needn't all go to bed to-night. Keep the doors barred. Let nobody in without consultin' me."

Here the help interchanged a look with the Squire—the hired man showed his teeth—Nathan proposed to ride antie—half the time in the kitchen an' t'other half in the best room.

"Where's your duck gun, Josh?—Get her up, and layin a good charge o' buck shot. I'll take this into my room. All your axes in good order, hey? Twenty-five years ago I should have been afeard of Injuns—now I'm more afeard of the Prince of Darkness, and the evil spirits that have been let loose within a few months from the bottomless pit."

There was no further disturbance that night. But Nathan Hale—who went down to the bridge as soon as therewas light enough to see—found there, to his unspeakable consternation and dismay, the impress of a horse's shoes, with sharp corks, as if newly shod, the whole length of the main stringer of the bridge, at an elevation of nearly forty feet from the water—a deep and rapid stream thundering below, and heaping the ice upon the shore by cart loads—it made him dizzy to look down upon it. But there could be no mistake—there were the tracks; and no mortal man, after looking at them, could doubt that a horse had passed over, since the planks were taken up.—But how?—By what earthly power? For earthly power it must be, after all—it could have been no shadow—it must have been something substantial, to leave such marks. But—again—who was it?—at night—in the dead of winter, and in such a terrible storm? And by that perilous path?—The more he thought of it, the more he was perplexed. He told his father—and his father

went down to see the tracks—and having measured and counted them—he shook his head—and entreated his son to say nothing about the affair to mortal man, but to *watch and pray*—for evil days were at hand.

CHAPTER II.

Thanksgiving was now at hand. All the descendants of each family, even to the youngest of the third and fourth generations, were to be gathered together once more about the huge fire-places and warm-hearted old-fashioned supper tables of the land. Nothing short of sickness, or a distance not to be overcome in the winter season by the steadfast energy of a New Englander on his way back to the home of his fathers, would be accepted or even thought of, for an excuse.

It was now the twenty-fifth of November. The snow was very deep—the roads through a large portion of the country were no longer passable; the crust was thick enough to bear a loaded ox team—and look where you might, you would see the trees bending under the weight of ice and snow, new paths broken in every direction to avoid the drifts, and literally running over the tops of the fences and stone walls.

There had been services at the old Meeting House for half the day, as on the Sabbath; and arrangements were made in every quarter for a late dinner—that is, athalf past twelve or one, the days being so very short, and everybody having so far to go after dark.

"Come, bustle boys, bustle!—where's Nathan—where the plague is Nathan to-day, an' Joseph, an' Joshua—and Timothy—and the rest o' the boys. Always out o' the way when they're wanted!"—screamed Aunt Nabby.

"Wal, mother, what's to pay now?"

"What's to pay!—why don't you see that ar stranger a ploughin' through the orchard there, an' a leadin' his poor beast by the bridle, as if they'd lost their way, an' both on 'em was tired e'en jist to death? Run arter him this minnit, one of yer, and ask him to stop an' take dinner with us—tell him its e'en almost ready now, an' 'twill be on the table in a few minutes—an' a plenty o' room—an' enough to eat too, sech as 'tis, an' he shall be welcome, an' we shall be glad to see him—and so will father—run!"

"Pretty good, *what thar is of it*, hey mother?" said Nathan, as he prepared to follow the stranger—"an' enough of it too, *sech as it is*?—That's what you want me to say, *I know*." And off he ran to overtake the stranger. But before he was able to head him off, his attention was called to another quarter, and he stopped, thinking he heard his father's voice—

"Hallo, Nathan!—where've you bin? Why didn't you come before?"

Whereupon another voice replied, almost at his elbow—"I did father!"—and in a tone that made him start and look all round in amazement—so like his own it was.

"You lie, you dog!—ye didn't come at all!" answered the first voice.

And then there was a long, loud, and hearty laugh, resembling his father's, which sounded far and wide, like a bell through the still frosty atmosphere.

"Wal!—if that laugh don't beat all nater!—never heard him laugh like that on a Thankgivin' day, sence I breathed the breath o' life. I wonder if the stranger heard it—I say, Mister!—halloo there!"

But the stranger kept right on, without turning his head.

Nathan was preparing for another effort, and had just cleared a stone wall, and a huge drift on the other side, at a single bound, when he heard the voice of his father from an opposite quarter; and turning his head, saw him at the back door, waving his hand to him to come back.

The stranger heard the voice too, and stopped—Nathan was rather puzzled for a moment. If he returned, without obeying his mother, it would be too late to secure the stranger—and then he called to mind the passage of Scripture, to which his father had

begged his attention with so much earnestness and solemnity—and then he thought of the ravens of the valley and the young eagles, and of Proverbs xxx. 17—and put his hands to his eyes. But, then, if he failed to obey his father, who might have the best of reasons for not inviting the stranger, he was sure to get a thrashing. Before he had made up his mind which course to take, the stranger himself decided the question, by turning full upon him and asking him what he wanted o' him.

Though somewhat embarrassed by the suddenness of the question, and by the odd appearance of the stranger—a little old man with a very large head—and somewhat startled at the sound of his voice, which reminded him of something he had heard before—somewhere—he could not recollect where, Nathan proceeded to deliver, word for word, the message of his mother, but his father getting impatient and repeating his call with a voice not to be misunderstood a moment longer, he pointed to the barn, and begging the stranger to put up his beast for himself, as he was wanted at home, renewing the assurance that father and mother an' all the family would be glad to have him take thankgivin' with 'em, he hurried back to the house.

When he reached the door, the first question he hears was in the sternest voice of his father—"Who is thad man?"

"How should I know father? I never saw him afore!"

"What was you sayin' to him?"

Nathan repeated the message of his mother, who stood by, fidgetting with her apron, sounding her deep outside pockets, and marvelling at the seriousness of her husband.

"Was that all?"

"Yes, father—"

"Every word—look me in the face, Nathan."

"Every word, father."

"Nathan Hale!—do you want to take a walk out to the barn with me?"

"Father!"—and the countenance of the youth glowed with indignation. "Father!—I don't know what you mean. I've told you the truth—an' nothin' but the truth—an' if I'm to take a switchin' I should be glad to know what's for."

"Why Jonathan Hale!"—cried the mother—dropping both hands in amazement; "you wouldn't think o' givin' the boy a whippin' at his age!"

"At his age—an' why not?"

"Arter sendin' him to college too."

"Arter sendin' him to college!—why for that very reason, an' all the sooner, if he deserves it. What's the use o' goin' to college, if it don't make people ashamed o' lyin'?"

"Of lying, father!"—And the tears stood in the youth's eyes.

"Yes boy—of lying. Didn't I hear you a talkin' to the very stranger before I called to you?—An' didn't I hear a loud laugh, a loud, long, noisy laugh—I understood it, I promise ye—loud enough and long enough to disturb the whole neighborhood? And this right arter meetin' and on a thanksgiven day, too!"

"Why, Nathan Hale!—I'm ashamed of yer," said his mother—"on a thankgivin' day!—and right arter meetin'—did I ever!—why, what could the poor child a ben o'thinkin' of!"

Nathan was completely bewildered—and his father mistaking his embarrassment for evidence of guilt, not to be questioned, pointed once more to the barn, with a significant motion of his uplifted hand, as if he had a new goad in it, or a white oak switch.

"Father," continued Nathan, growing deadly pale as he spoke. "I have no desire to escape any punishment you may think I deserve—but this is thankgivin' day—my brothers and sisters and all their little ones are here—and you have no time for ascertaining the truth. And when I tell you that I heard the laugh you speak of—and that I thought it was *yours*—"

"Mine!"—replied the Father, stooping down and looking into Nathan's eyes to see if he had understood him aright.

"His!" cried the mother—and the help—and the hired man, and Comfort and Thankful, and Eunice, and Joseph, and Cousin Rachel, and half a dozen more, who had been attracted from the front room

by the conversation at the door. His—father's!—uncle's!—Elder Hale's! Goodness me! what is the world a comin' to!"

"Yes, father—yes, mother—as sure as you're a standin' there. And strange as it may seem to you, I had no doubt of it, not the least in the world, till father charged it upon me."

"Silence, boy!—we will have a further conversation to-morrow upon the subject. You desire it, and I'm satisfied."

"No father—I have altered my mind—now is the time, Now or never!"—buttoning up his coat and looking round as if in search of something. "It is but fifteen miles to the school district, where I am to begin my labors to-morrow, and rather than have the fear of a switchin' upon my mind, all day and all night, I'll take my leave of you, now."

"Boy!—do you know who I am?"

"Yes father—and I know who I am."

"And who are you?"

"A man, father—a full grown man!—made in the image of God Almighty—and almost out of my time."

The mother stood aghast—the children grew pale—and Keturah screamed outright.

"Boy!" continued the stern old man, after an awful pause.

"Boy!—Take your choice. Walk out to the barn this minute—and take off your jacket, without another word—or leave my house for ever."

Nathan took his hat—finished buttoning up his jacket—even to the last button—and turning to the door, would have left it—forever—without speaking another word—oreven looking into the eyes, or touching the hands of them that he most loved on earth—but for the sudden appearance of the stranger, who having put up his horse, and got rid of the snow that encumbered him even to the waist, was now within two or three steps of the back door.

"Sarvant, Sir—Sarvant, Marm!" said he—"I wish you a good day!"—and then he stopped and stood staring first at one and then at another of the household—"why, what's the matter?—what's happened?—hope I don't come without leave"—and then turning to Nathan, who had just stooped to kiss his little brother, Jerry, who had tumbled head over heels into the snow, as he turned to escape the outstretched arms of his dear little sister Eunice—"I say, my young friend—aint this your father's house? and aint that your father? an' didn't you ax me jist now to come an' spend thanksgivin' with you? an' didn't you tell me to put up my horse, and make myself at home?—hey?"

"To be sure, I did," answered poor Nathan—stopping for a moment and pointing to his father—"To be sure I did—but ask him—or mother. Maybe I don't tell you the truth?—Good day sir! Father and mother—brothers and sisters—farewell!—goodbye Watch—goodbye Cousin Rachel!"—and off he started, on his way through the nearest wood, followed by Watch barking and tumbling about the snow as if quite beside himself with joy.

"That boy will be the death of me, yet!" said the kind mother, looking after him with tears in her eyes. But the old man spoke not a word.

"Why wouldn't he own it?—what was there to be ashamed of, I should like to know?" continued the mother. "It was the noisiest laugh I ever *did* hear in all my life, that's a fact—and it sartinly did sound a little like—ahem!—but boys will be boys; an' I dare say the poor child forgot 'twas thanksgivin' day; but what could possess him to deny it?"

The stranger looked up with surprise.

"Poh, poh! Wife! Shet the doer, an' come in to dinner. It's ben a waitin' half an hour, the least minnit;" continued the father, in a tone of affected indifference.

"Stop—one word with you—before I break bread under your roof," said the stranger. "Your name is Hale, I believe—Jonathan Hale?"

"It is."

"You are an elder in the Church of the Lord,—are you not?"

"I am."

"Judging by what I have just heard, you have turned that young

man out of doors—your son, I take it?—(Elder Hale nodded)—and for what?"

"At any other time, friend, I should say it was none of your business. But I see you mean well enough, and therefore—what may I call your name?"

"Ebenezer Day."

"Well, Ebenezer Day, the boy has told me a lie: and I gave him his choice to take a switchin'—for whom the Lord loyeth he chasteneth—or to leave my house forever."

"And so he chose to leave your house forever—the home of his fathers—in the dead of winter—with all his family about him—on a thanksgivin'-day too, when the stranger that is within your gate is to be filled with fatness and made welcome—and no human being—none but your own child,—the fruit of your own loins, is allowed to go empty away. O, man!—man!"

The father and mother were awe-struck; and the father turned his eyes toward the dark, dismal-looking pine barren into which the youth was just entering, as if in his heart he wished he had not been altogether so harsh with him.

"And how know you that he *lied*? The young man did not look to me like one who could be guilty of any thing so base and pitiful as a lie;" continued Ebenezer Day. "How-know you that he did not speak the truth?—what evidence have you?"

"Evidence enough to satisfy a father, friend—the evidence of my own senses."

"Oh, that's another matter. I have nothing more to say. But," in a low distant voice like one communing with himself—"I would have staked my right hand on his truth,—if I had only been left to judge by his countenance, and by the sorrowful look of his eyes when he turned away from the door. Well, well—there's no trusting to appearances after all. My right hand!—nay, I would have risked my life on his truth!"

"Come, come, friend Ebenezer, dinner's ready—we've no time to lose—take a seat by the fire,—you must be chilled through by your ride."

"My walk, you mean. I have had precious little riding to do for one while—my beast gave out last night at twelve o'clock precisely, and it's now well nigh two, I see."

"Indeed—"

By this time the large goose had been taken down from the string where it had hung twirling before the kitchen fire, and was dished forthwith in a huge wooden tray—along with the baked beans—the Indian puddings—the apple pies, the mince pies, the pumpkin pies, and the custard pies—the flapjacks—the generous brown bread—the apple-dowdy—the dough-nuts—the apple-sauce, and the brown mugs of cider. This done—the company seated—and everything ready for grace—even to the ducks and the geese, and that everlastin' cold chicken pie, without which no thanksgivin' dinner was ever complete—that ceremony followed—no trifle in that day and on such occasions, let me tell you; and hence the fashion of dishing at the last moment. That over, the old man started up from his chair, and lifting his fork, let drive at the breast of a magnificent goose, and bidding them fall to, and help themselves!—at it they went, hammer and tongs.

But in the very midst of the dinner, up started the stranger from his chair—he had been whispering with the mother a minute or two before—and stretching forth a prodigious hand toward the master of the feast, he commanded him—ay, *commanded* him, as one having authority—to saddle his fleetest horse and send for his boy to come back!

The old man stared; and the children dropped their knives and forks, and gazed at the speaker—at his prodigious hands, his bright clear eyes, and strange-looking head—in half stupid amazement. Even the mother—Aunt Nabby herself, began to think she had gone too far in her thanksgiving hospitality, and that this ransacking of highways and hedges for guests at a pinch, was not exactly the thing for this country.

"Do you hear!" continued the stranger. "Do you hear, Jonathan Hale? You have wronged that noble boy—you have dishonor

ed a man-child lent you by Jehovah himself. I know he told you the truth—I have heard the whole story from your wife. Not a word passed between us before the invitation,—It was not he that laughed."

"Not he—who was it then?"

"It was I!"

"You!—what, Ebenezer Day!—would you try to persuade me that you are capable of counterfeiting my laugh?"

"To be sure I would—ha—ha—ha!—haw, haw, haw!"

Every living creature at the table started with astonishment, and two or three pushed back their chairs. The laugh was so perfectly that of Elder Hale, that he himself half rose from his seat, and stood as if thunderstruck—looked about for a moment, as if bewildered, and then slid back gradually into his chair.

"And the conversation I heard between you—" continued he, "the language of my boy—and the voice of—of—of—why, what am I to believe next?" and then he stopped as if completely puzzled by the disclosure of the stranger. At last, he added—"I was not near enough to distinguish the words, but I could have sworn to the voice of my poor boy—How do you explain that?"

"Judge for yourself," replied the stranger, and then he repeated the dialogue that Nathan heard:—"Why didn't you come afore?—I did, father—You lie, you dog; you didn't come at all!"—counterfeiting the voices of father and son so admirably, that in spite of all they could do, the younger members of the family all burst out a laughing together—and after a short inward struggle, the mother followed—Keturah—the hired man—Joseph, Joshua—and at last the old gentleman himself.

"And now," continued the stranger, "now that you know the truth, will you not send for your boy—your generous, noble-hearted boy—and beseech him to forgive you?"

"I would—but I have no horse at liberty. They are all engaged."

"Take mine."

"Yours!—why you just told us you'd bin obleeged to go a-foot ever since twelve o'clock last night; and that your beast gin out, if I understood you, fourteen hours-ago."

"And what o' that? She'll go ahead of anything to be found in this part o' the world, I'll warrant you, now 't she's had her sulks out and a mouthful of oats."

"No, no, my friend. You'll want your horse all fresh in the morning; and I've jist thought of a plan. Joe—take the white mare, and the brown colt. Ride the mare till you overtake Nathan—look up, will ye! Then, do you take the colt, and give him the mare. Tell him he's forgiven."

"No, boy!—tell him he was wronged! Tell him his father sends after him, and asks to be forgiven, and prays him to come back."

"Do if you dare!" said the old man, smiling, and trying to look stern. Joe stopped as if waiting further orders.—"There—there—get along, will ye; go, and tell him what you please, my boy—provided you bring him back before the sun has gone down upon his wrath. Upon my word, Ebenezer, I am so thankful to find that boy, upon whom I have spent so much of my substance—that boy—the hope of my old age—(his voice trembled)—has not been guilty of untruth. Lord God of our fathers!" he added, after a devout pause, "I thank thee!" and the aged man covered his face with his hands and leaned both elbows on the table.

"I say, though, father," said Joe, reappearing at the back door, and thrusting his head in without observing the position of things—"I say, though, father—why not take the sleigh?"

"Blockhead!—putty sleighin' you'd have, through the pine barren and over the top o' the stumps—off with ye!"

Bang went the door, and off went Joe like a two and forty pounder.

Within three hours, and long before the plays and frolics of the evening, the blind man's buff, the nuts and apples, and the story-telling were well under way, Nathan re-appeared—entered—hesitated—and then, after a short struggle, walked up to his father and shook hands with him, and then turned to his mother—and for the first time in his life perhaps, in the presence of strangers, threw his arms around her neck and kissed her.

The old woman laughed, and looked about her, and then began to

sob: whereat the old man called her a simpleton, and began to snuffle himself. "Come, come!" said he, at last, "enough o' this—be quiet children—let your brother alone. You're welcome back, Nathan, and I'm glad to find you told the truth, and that's enough. Be still, I say—can't you let him alone!"

And now came the plays—fox and geese, morris, profits, trials of strength with the hands and feet, between the males, and many a sly joke between the females—Keturah and Squire Farley—Timothy and a neighbor's hired girl coming in for a full share of good natured practical jokes, and sly pinches.

In the midst of the uproar—for the sun having gone down, uproar was lawful now—the stranger called for a Bible and key.

At first the old man demurred; but having understood that they were wanted for the exhibition of a problem, which had begun to attract the attention of the fathers, he consented.

The family Bible being brought forth, a large iron key was firmly attached to it with a string, in such a way, that while the lower half was inserted midway between the leaves, the upper part projected far enough to permit one to hold it by the bow and balance it on his fingers:

"Young man," continued the stranger, turning to Joshua, "you are the oldest—let me begin with you. Come here—place yourself on that block just opposite me. Rest your right elbow on your knee to steady it. Now, put the tip of your fore-finger under the lower side of the bow, just as you see me—there, there, steady—it turns you see with the slightest motion. There—now hold your hand perfectly still—motionless—keep your finger exactly in a line with mine; if you hold it awry, the key will turn of itself, and carry the Bible with it. Now—look steadily at either end of the Bible you please, though the end furthest from you will be the easier; and will it to turn the way you like.

"I don't know as I understood you—'spose I want it to go that way, toward father."

"Why then you will speak to it, as you would to a dog or a child, in your own mind, I mean, without letting me know which way you want it to go, and you will see it obey you, as if it understood your thought."

"I don't believe a word on't!" said Joshua, looking half frightened, at his father."

"I'm sorry for that," replied the stranger.

"One ought to have faith enough to move mountains, perhaps," added Nathan.

"No—it matters little whether he believes or not, now; he soon will—he can't help himself after trying two or three times—the only difficulty now is, that in proportion as he wants faith, exactly in that proportion will he forbear to fix his mind—to will energetically. Come! are you ready?"

"Yes."

"Not a word is to be spoken—fix your eyes on the end, nearest me, and determine in your mind that it shall turn this way or that, I care not which—and back again if you like—just as if you knew it would obey you."

"But I can't—how can I?"

"Try—try—"

Joshua tried; and lo! the Bible begun to turn, but very slowly, and as it were doubtfully and reluctantly; and Joseph grew very red in the face. Then it stopped,—and after a moment or two, it began to turn the other way. Joseph grew very pale, and his father began to grow uneasy.

"By Gosh, father! it does turn the way I want it to—if it don't I wish I may be skinned."

"Poh, poh, my boy; try it again, but don't act like a fool."

It was tried again, and again, and always with the same result; and while the father began to look very grave, and some of the girls were trying to giggle their eldest brother out of countenance, the youngest was pointing her finger at the stranger's shadow on the wall, hideous and grotesque enough to frighten the boldest; and Nathan was watching the stranger's eyes, in the hope of discovering there some explanation of the trick. But all to no purpose—the

same expression of mirth—the same clear, steady look of the eye,—and the same corrugation of the bold rocky forehead continued.

"And now," added the stranger, "we will try the same experiment in another shape. Just now when you were exerting your will, you took notice, I dare say, that I turned off my eyes—"

"Yes, and fixed them on the clock"—

"No, I didn't—but I fixed them on that great brass candlestick that stands near it, on the mantle-piece; and which, between ourselves, neighbor, I must have seen before; it looks to me like an old acquaintance."

"Very likely, friend—it has been borrowed by every newly-married pair within twenty miles of us, for the last forty years, I verily believe."

"Ah, ha! that explains the mystery. I knew I'd seen it before; and in a few minutes I'll convince you of the fact—and now," turning to Joshua, he added—"now, my lad, while you try to make the Bible turn that way toward your father, I'll try to make it turn against him,—and we shall then know whose will is the strongest."

"Stop, stranger—not against father, if you please.—Hadh't you better try to make it turn the other way, Josh?"

"Poh, poh; would you have the eldest son trying to turn the Bible against his own father?" And saying this, the stranger smiled, but the father looked humbled, and the children gathered nearer, and stood about in a circle, stooping low, with their hands upon their knees, and their eyes fixed upon the Bible, wondering where all these experiments were to end."

"All ready, my man."

"Yes—all ready."

"Begin then. You try to make it revolve that way—I, this."

The struggle began. For a minute or more, the Bible wavered—stood stock still—wavered again—and then began to turn very slowly—then faster, and faster, till with a sudden whirl, it dropped from the fingers upon the floor.

The old man jumped up and declared it should not be treated so irreverently; but after some persuasion, and probably wishing to try it himself, he yielded, upon condition that somebody should stand by to catch it, if it fell again.

Joseph tried next, and then Timothy, and then the girls, and then the father, and always with the same result, when they had the stranger to deal with; but when they tried it between themselves, the results varied; the most energetic were uniformly triumphant over the more sluggish.

"It's all a trick, I see that plainly," said the old man.—"But still I do not understand it."

"A trick, hey? Judge for yourself. Take that Bible and key into your own hands. Try the experiment with yourself, Jonathan Hale. Rest the key on the tips of your fore-fingers, and then if you find it to obey you, tell me there is a trick."

The old man hesitated; and then, shutting his mouth firmly, and rolling up his sleeves, he took the key upon his two fore-fingers, and after repeated trials, the key turning first one way, and then the other, acknowledged that it did seem to obey his will in every case.

"Mr. Day," said Nathan, "just allow me to try, if you please. I think I understand the mystery now."

The trial was had, and the youth acknowledged that he was mistaken, and that the key did obey his will, though he was not conscious of the slightest movement of his finger. "That I can cause it to revolve which way I like by a slight turn of the finger—the slightest in the world, is true; and that the nerves and muscles are so delicately interwoven, as perhaps, to obey the will, and convey the motion without consciousness on my part, may also be true; but—but"—

The stranger looked at him in evident surprise.

"But still," continued the youth,—"Still I am not satisfied. Let me have the Book, and try it with myself.—"Now," he added, as he balanced the key upon the tip of his fore-fingers,—"*now* to produce the motion that follows my will here, there must be a very complicated and contradictory play of the muscles. One finger must work the problem one way, and the other the opposite way; and both for the first time. No, no, I am not satisfied."

"Well, then, allow me to satisfy you, said the stranger. Try the experiment with me." He did so, and Nathan's will appeared to be the strongest. Whenever the stranger looked away from the Bible, it began to turn immediately, and make a complete revolution so that somebody had to catch it, or it would have fallen to the floor. On the contrary, whenever he fixed his eyes upon the end furthest from him, a struggle appeared to take place—the key would tremble like a magnet,—and it would be often, and for a considerable time, uncertain which way the Bible would turn.

"Are you satisfied now?" asked the stranger.

"No, sir; I am not. I wish to try it with some other material—and with some other book. I don't believe the Bible has any thing to do with it, but possibly the iron of the key may."

The stranger smiled and patted Nathan on the back. "You are wrong, my man," said he; "but that's no fault of yours. You deserve to be right. You reason like a philosopher, and I am not a little pleased with having made your acquaintance. And now for one more experiment. One more trial with me. Here, you Comfort! this way—when the Bible begins to tremble, put your fore finger upon your brother's right shoulder, and add your will to his —"

"I shant, sir, sure!" said Comfort, trembling from head to foot, and skulking behind her mother's chair. "I'm nobeliever in such nonsense—"

"Do as you are bid, child—what do you mean by such talk?" said Aunt Nabby.

"Yes, mother. And having obeyed, the key flew round with a portentous jerk, and again the Bible touched the floor. "There! I told you so! I don't believe a word of it!" cried the poor frightened girl, running off to hide her face in her mother's lap.

"Enough o' that," cried Elder Hale.

"So I say," answered the stranger. "Now hand me that brass candlestick. Fifty years ago, on the twenty-fifth day of December—just one month from this day, I'd wager a trifle, I had that very candlestick in my possession."

"Fifty years ago—you?"—exclaimed the mother. "Well, if ever!"

"Yes—and not a little remarkable is it, that we should meet again where we do. I have never seen it since—though I believe I know what it's fellow is—and if I am right," he continued, taking it into his hand as he spoke—"Stay—has it ever been repaired?—ever been to the braziers or the blacksmiths?"

"Never to my knowledge," said the father.

"Well then—perhaps I can show you something stranger than the Bible and key. In the bottom of this candlestick you will find a"—turning it in his hand, so as to unscrew the bottom—"ah!—here we have it!—on old fashioned silver thimble you see that once belonged to Grandmother Trip! Examine it for yourselves!"

"Goodness me!—and so there is, I declare!" cried Aunt Nabby.

"And so you know'd grandmother Trip—hey?"

"Know her!—to be sure I did—almost from her youth up."

"Why, how you talk!"

"Almost from her youth up!" exclaimed Elder Hale.

"Why, what may be your age?"

"My age! Nobody knows," exclaimed the stranger. "I do not know myself; but—"

His attention was called off just here, by some enquiry about the Switch-tail Pacer. One of the children, who sat near Cousin Rachel, was whispering very earnestly in the ear, and had got as far as the snow storm.

The stranger appeared to listen—stopped—leaned towards the child; and when the tracks found upon the stringers of the bridge the next day by Nathan and father, were mentioned, he was observed to grow suddenly pale, and to gasp for breath—and then to catch at the wall. Nathan sprang forward to catch him, or he would have fallen.

"Water!—water!—a drop of water, for the love of Heaven!" he cried, as soon as he could speak; but before they could bring it, he rose and staggered to the door—which appeared to open of itself at his approach—and in tumbled Timothy head first, crying out, as if pursued by an Evil Spirit!

"Oh Jonathan! Jonathan!" he shouted—"Oh Joshua! Joshua!"

—run out to the barn, and see what's the matter with the dumb beasts! The stranger's mare has broke loose, and the cattle and horses are all raving mad. Oh Lord! there she comes!—there she comes!"

And sure enough, there she was!—all saddled and bridled, with her head stuck forward into the door, and her eyes gleaming through her shaggy foretop, like burning coals, and her mane lifting and heaving and flapping at every breath, as if instinct with life.

Before a hand could be put forth to stop him, or a mouth opened to question him, the stranger had snatched his hat and great coat—was into the saddle at one spring—and away went horse and rider, like stormy shadows over the glittering crust, at a speed that made the boldest catch their breath.

"Father—father!"—cried Joseph, as the animal turned away, catching at his father's arm as he spoke—"Father! did you see the critter's tail?"

The father looked at him for a moment—and shook his head, without speaking. Aunt Nabby dropped into a chair—the youngest children holding hard by her apron, and gazing up into her face in pitiable terror, and the eldest interchanging looks of downright consternation, with each other.

On going to the barn, they found the cattle running wild. The big bull had broken loose, among the calves and the colts, and the sheep—and while he was running hither and thither, and bellowing like all possessed, they were scampering about in all directions, and crying and bleating most piteously, as if hunted to death by wild beasts.

Upon further inquiry, it was ascertained that the stranger had put up his beast without taking off her saddle, and that instead of a bridle he rode her with a halter, which did not materially interfere with her eating—so that he was ready at any moment for a scamper.

After this, there were no more plays, nor story telling—and but very little talk. The company grew strangely still and thoughtful, and broke up early, and the family went to bed, not so much to sleep, as to ponder over the apparition of the Switch-tail-Pacer. That they had now seen her face to face, and talked face to face with her rider—the Evil One perhaps—they never doubted for a moment after this, although nobody among them was quite willing to own it, and no questions were asked.—But—but we must defer the rest for another chapter.

CHAPTER III.

"Let me never hear the name of the Switch-tail-Pacer nor that of Ebenezer Day, again; while ye breathe the breath o' life—d'ye hear?" said Jonathan Hale, the next morning, as he opened the back door, and found Nathan and Joshua and Joseph examining the tracks in the snow, and Comfort and Thankful and Eunice, and cousin Rachel standing bare-headed on the steps, with their arms rolled up in their aprons and teeth chattering, to hear what the boys had to say upon the subject of the *Switch-Tail Pacer*.

"In to the house with ye, gals! Pretty piece o' business to be sure! Hardly out of your beds, and long afore the cattle have been looked after, here you are—idlin' an' Shonickin' about the barn yard—where's your milk pails? And why aint the breakfast table ready? I say you!—Josh, why haint you got in a new blacklog this morning?—fine times to be sure! But I'll see if I'm a goin' to have sich carryins on—start, will ye!—what d'ye stand loiterin' about so for, hey!—where's Nathan?"

"Here, father."

"Here, father!"—mimicking—"And why aint ye off to your school, I should be glad to know?"

"Would you have me go without my breakfast, father—it's a long way through the snow, and school don't begin till afternoon."

"Without your breakfast—hey!—plague take the gals: there's allers some confounded excuse for things not bein' done when they should be. Come, come—bustle, gals, bustle—where's Mother?"

"Here I am, Jonathan—hard at work," showing her hands through the door covered with dough.

"Well, well, I know it—jist have breakfast about the quickest, will ye And let Nathan take the white mare. He musn't be be-

hind time the very first goin' off—or he'll have his hands full, I promise you. Con-sarn it all! what's the matter with the boy!—this way, Nathan, this way; you don't look well this mornin'—what's the matter with you, my son?"

"A slight cold I'm a thinkin', father. I did'nt sleep well, last night."

"*Didn't sleep well last night!*"—mocking him—"don't tell me—I know what's kept ye awake, an' if I hear any more on't, some'll o' you buy the rabbits, or my name aint Jonathan Hale."

Saying this, the old gentleman shuffled back to the kitchen-fire—sat himself down directly before it—with his knees as far apart as they could stretch—his elbows resting upon them—and his vast hands outspread, so as to intercept all the stray warmth, on its passage into the room. And there he sat—the excellent old fellow, growling at the girls, wonderin' why the sarsages wasn't ready, why the Indian fire-cake wanted such a plaguey long time to do, when everybody was in sich a hurry—and squirting tobacco juice through his two fore teeth, said to have been left on purpose, over the cake, under the frying pan, between the two masses of rock that occupied the place of andirons, and into the furthest pile of ashes in sight, with undeviating accuracy—never missing his mark by a hair's breadth, however much he might be interfered with by his wife and daughters, boiling and baking, and roasting and frying in all their varieties on every side of him, or by Watch, the house-dog, trying to find a comfortable place underneath his master's legs, where he might be safe from the hot water, the sparks, and the sputter of the sausage-fat and the frying-pan.

Breakfast over—Nathan leaped to the saddle, and then reaching out his hands to his father, who stood in his stocking feet upon the snow, bidding him to take especial care of himself, he said to him: "Farewell—father! when you see me again, I hope you will try to look upon me as a grown man."

"Hoity, toity, youngster! What's in the wind, now. Wait till you're out of your time, afore you talk about being a man grown; or setting up for yourself."

"I shall, sir. Father—mother—brothers and sisters—an' cousin Rachel—I wish you good bye, all hands of you, and many a happier Thanksgivin' than the last"—clapping spurs to the old mare, and starting off at a canter as he finished.

"Well!" continued the old gentleman, crawling up the steps, and back into the place he had left before the fire, the only place he ever took a fancy to, when they were cooking—"where's them are plaguey buskins?" "Well! if that ain't the most unaccountable boy"—here he squirted a large quantity of spittle, through his front teeth, directly into the dog's face—the dog yelped and ran backward, greatly to the delight of the old gentleman, who never relaxed a muscle, shaking his head, and pawing at his own eyes with every possible manifestation of loathing and abhorrence.—"Sarved you right! what business had ye there, ye good for nothin' brute? Come, hurraw, there, hurraw!—where's my' tother shoe? I had it a minute ago,—and now the knife is gone! I say, Josh, I thought I told you to get my saddle-bags out—here, you, Josh!"

"I ain't deaf, father."

"Where's my saddle-bags—eh?"

"Oh, I forgot all about 'em, father!"

"Oh, I forgot all about 'em, father!" imitating "What d'ye mean by that, hey?—what business had you to forget 'em, you lazy dog, you?—laziest whelp in all Coventry.—Didn't I tell you more 'an a week ago that I must go to Hartford the day arter Thanksgivin'—where's my mittens?—Ain't that ere hoss an' sleigh ready yet, Josh?"

"What horse and sleigh, father. I hav'nt heerd anything about a horse and sleigh."

"*Hav'nt heard any thing about a horse and sleigh,*" imitating: "didn't hear me tell that are Ebenezer Day, last night, when he wanted me to send for your brother, how't all the horses was engaged—did ye? No, I dare say you didn't—just like ye. Out my sight, you whelp."

"Well, father, an' what if I did? How should I know that you'd want a horse and sleigh this morning, to go to Hartford?"

"You get out—you didn't know 'twas training day over to Hartford, this arternoon, did ye?"

"So 'tis, I swannee!—an' they're gwyin' to choose officers."

Here Elder Hale reached forth his arm, and taking the measure of the young man's face, lent him a cuff that sent him staggering half across the room, and then, without speaking a word, went on buttoning the knees of his breeches, and strapping his buskins underneath his thick cowhide shoes.

"What was that for?" inquired poor Joshua, looking awful mad, rubbing his ear, and almost ready to cry, partly with rage, and partly with shame.

The father made no reply—but one of the children said afterwards, that she saw dad's eye turned up through his large bushy eyebrows, toward a white oak switch that hung over the clock, while he was pretending to be occupied with the straps to his buskins; and so, stealing sly up to her brother, she gave him a pinch.

But Joshua's dander was up now, and he determined to have an answer.

"I say, father, I want to know what you cuffed me for? What have I done, hey?"

"What have you done, hey?" imitating. "I'll tell you what you have done, in about a minute; just wait till I get these plaguey straps fastened, an' I'll try to clear up the mystery. Meantime, Joe, you may be getting out the horse and sleigh."

Josh, aware of what was coming, stood near the open door, ready for a jump—and just as his father straightened himself up, and reached forth his hand toward the white oak switch, for explanation, Josh fetched a spring backwards, and vanished through the door.

Whereupon, Elder Hale shook his head at his wife, and then began to laugh a little in his own quiet and agreeable way. "Told him about swearing—won't have any thingo' the sort under my ruff: if he wants to swear let him go somewhere else. Pretty example to set afore the younger children! an' he the head o' the family. I wonder if he hopes ever to take my place in the church arter I'm gone?"

"But, father!" said Joseph, in a timid voice, like one half afraid of being sarved out, if he opened his mouth in the wrong place—"father, I say, was that swearin'?"

"Was it swearin'?" imitating; "why what else could it be?"

"But the Bible don't say so, father?"

"That's all you know about it, my boy. Don't the Bible say that we shall have to answer for every idle word—an' if I swannee ain't an idle word, I should like to know what it is?"

"Yes, father."

And so, the horse and sleigh being brought to the door—the rifle—the powder horn—a large pillow-case crammed with dough-nuts; a quantity of pork and beans and apple pie in a sugar box—and a large block of wood heated before the fire, to keep his feet warm, Elder Hale started off.

The moment the sleigh was out of sight, the joy of the whole family broke forth. Such a difference! In fact, you might see their countenances change as the ringing of the sleigh-bells died away—growing brighter and brighter, and happier and happier, every moment. Even the good mother, Aunt Nabby herself, who best knew the sterling qualities of her husband, even she appeared like another creature; now that he was out of the way; and at last she was brought to acknowledge that the old man staid rayther too much in the house for the comfort o' the gals—and that cooking over his legs in cold weather, wasn't altogether so convenient as it might be.

"But something must have ryled father this morning," said Comfort. "I never saw him half so snappish afore—everything went wrong; and if he could a got down cellar, I've no manner o' doubt we should 'a had to pick over all them are winter apples again; or maybe he'd a set us all hands to work slicin' potatoes for the sheep. What ailed him, mother—do you know?"

"Nothin' without's the night-mare; he groaned awfully in his sleep, an' I had to wake him up two or three times, and then he didn't seem to know where he was."

"The nightmare, mother!" said Eunice—a dear little sprightly-

looking child, with hazle eyes, and the most beautiful brown hair in the world—"the night-mare, mother!—the *switch-tail pacer*, more like!"

"Why!—Eunice!"—cried the mother, changing color, and looking up as if she expected the roof to fall—"Are you ravin' distracted!—never mention that dreadful beast again, while you live."

"And why not, mother?"

"Child, child—you scare me. Your father has forbid us ever to speak o' horse or rider again, while we breathe, and he has his reasons for it, you may depend."

"Yes, mother—but we can't help *thinking* about 'em both, for all that."

"Think about 'em if you will, but—come, come to your work, girls. Comfort and Thankful, go to your spinning. Eunice, take out cousin Rachel's baby and let him see the boys fodder the cattle. Timothy—Mr. Swett, I mean—here Mr. Swett, will you please to see that Joe cleans out the barn, accordin' to orders."

"Yes 'm. My summer wages stopped day before thanksgivin', but I don't mind havin' a little over-sight o' things, till the old man gits back—but I shall want to borry the colt this arternoon, if you'd jest as lives's as not. Dolly Piper, she's a gittin' rayther home-sick, an' I promised to give her a sleigh-ride, afore she pulled up stakes at the corner."

"You don't say so! Dolly Piper's a nice gal, and you may have the sleigh, and welcome—along with the colt."

The arrangements of the day being now completed—every individual of that large family, from the oldest to the youngest, was quietly at work; some shelling corn—the youngest boy holding yarn for the mother to wind—the hired girl or help, stringing dried apples—two or three knitting—and one reading aloud from a little greasy newspaper that contained an account of the Battle of Bunker Hill—then five or six months old.

By seven o'clock in the evening, they began to look for the return of the old man: by half-past seven, to wonder what *could* have detained him, running to the door every two or three minutes, to listen for the bells; and by eight, to feel as if something *must* have happened—for, never since their remembrance had he failed to be at home early in the evening when his wife was not with him.

At last they heard the bells—they ran to the door and listened—the sound stopped—and they all stood staring at one another, and wondering, yet afraid to speak. Again the bells were heard—their own bells!—they could not be mistaken—but they appeared to come from a different quarter—and again they stopped, just when they seemed coming up to the very door.

"Hark, children—hush!—I hear voices—who is it!—who's whispering there!"—To this adjuration there was no reply.

"Ah, there he is!—there he is!—there comes father! I see him now!" cried Eunice, pointing in the direction of the burnt-grounds—

"Nonsense, child!—that aint the way to Hartford!"

"I don't care, mother—but I do see somebody there, jist over there, Joe, by the brush fence—there, there!—dont you see him now mother?"

"I think I do see somebody moving—but taint father—Goodness me!—if 'taint somebody a horseback!—I hope taint the—"

"Silence there!" cried the father, coming into view that moment round the corner of the house. "What are ye all out o' doors for at this time o'night?—Go to the barn, Josh, and put up the mare; I left her standing by the sugar maple as I came along."

"Goodness me!—which way did you come father?"

Up went the old man's hand—but Josh ducked, and the fingers just missed him. "Boy—boy—if you don't stop the usin' o' sick words, you shant stay under my roof; its an awful habit; an' I'll either break you of it, or I'll break your neck."

"Father—who was that with you?"

"With me, child—when!—where?"

"Just now—not five minutes ago. I saw somebody leave you out there by the sugar maple—somebody on horseback."

"Pho, pho, child—you don't know what you're a talkin' about."

"But I do, though, father."

"Silence, gal!—It's high time you was abed, and asleep."

Here was another mystery to lie awake for.

But Elder Hale had no idea of going to bed himself. There was evidently something on his mind. He looked pale and anxious—and after restoring his long rifle to its hooks over the fire-place, and his powder-horn and bullet pouch to the hanging-shelf overhead, he sat down, and spreading his knees, without loosing the buttons or letting down the stockings, and stretching forth his hands, appeared lost in thought before the great roaring fire; never once looking up, nor squirting the tobacco juice at the end of the back log, or into the hot ashes, for full two minutes—the children looking at him with astonishment, afraid to move—his wife wondering what had happened to make him so thoughtful; and Watch afar off, eyeing him from a far corner, lying flat on his belly, with his two fore-paws stretched forth on each side of his nose; you might see that he was prepared for the worst, and pretty well determined not to be taken by surprise, happen what might in the cogitations of Elder Hale.

"Boys!" muttered the old gentleman at last—drawing a long breath, and letting fly at the end of the firestick which had just burnt off and parted in the middle, throwing up a handful of sparks, and covering the hearth all over with cinders. "Boys—a word in your ear. Gals—go to bed. Wife—bring us a mouthful o' something to eat—anything on airth 'll do; a bowl o' bread an' milk would suit me best—or apples and milk; I'm as hungry as a wolf: an' e'en jist tired to death"—squirt—"but if I go to bed, I shant sleep, I'm sure o' that, and so"—squirt-squirt—"Ah!—did you speak, wife?"

"I!—no indeed—nobody spoke but yourself."

"Strange—well, I must have been mistaken—that's all, and 'taint the fust time—or perhaps the noise came down chimney, or maybe I've been a ridin' so long in the wind, my hearin' is none of the best—didn't you hear bells?"

"No—I heard nothing; did you boys, any of you?"

"Nothin' at all, mother—hark! I hear the galloping of horses!—and one is a pacer!"

At this moment there was a sound, as of a horse going at full speed, past the window.

The boys started to run to the door; but the old man called after them, in a voice of thunder, to stop—and then sitting down and falling to work upon his bowl of brown bread and milk, and a plate full of roasted apples, in dead silence, occasionally stopping to think, or to go over on his fingers some intricate calculation, and taking no farther notice of them or their mother, nor ever looking up indeed, till he had finished. Then throwing himself back in his chair, and pushing away the table, he turned abruptly to the boys, and with a voice so altered and with a look so stern, as to sit them all a wondering, asked them if any of 'em wouldn't like to enlist?

Nobody answered—but all sat looking into the fire with the greatest intensity.

"Why don't ye speak? What the plague's the matter with ye? The war is up. Men are wanted—your country is in danger—and all I want to know is whether any of ye has got enough o' your father's blood in his veins, to shoulder his rifle and take the field in defence of his mother and sisters—or whether—hold your tongue Josh!—wait till I'm done—or whether you'd like to stay where ye are, an' die o' the whoopin' cough, or the small pox, or the itch."

"Father"—said the eldest, in a quavering voice—"father, I don't know but I should like to join the light horse, if you've no objection, and would just lem me take the whitefaced colt—He's a pealer!"

"No, Josh—can't afford to give you all a horse a piece; an', between you an' me, I don't think much o' our Connecticut light horse for sich times—there's too many gentlemen among 'em, and they won't be able to bear the rough handling o' the British, but if any of you is for goin' right into the sarvice afoot, and like a man—he'll find no child's play there nyther, I can tell him that—why, the sooner he speaks up, the better. What!—no body speaks—not one o' my whole family! You'd like to ride, hey—pretty fellers!—just the thing for officers!—but couldn't think of going a-foot? What the plague are ye good for?"

"Why!—Joshua!"—whispered the mother. "Why—Joshua! do you know who you was named for?"

Joshua turned away his head, and looked miserably chap-fallen.

"Joshua is determined to go to bed with a whole skin, I see," continued the old man—"but what say you, Joseph?"

"If I aint too young, father—I was jest a-going to speak, but I felt afeard."

"Too young, my boy!—Why, do you know that moren half them that did the work at Bunker Hill and Lexington, was boys of sixteen—fifteen—fourteen—and some that I know was only just turned o' twelve."

"They had their fathers with them, I guess."

"Rayther guess they did, my boy—and you shall have your father with you, if you say so."

"Shall I!—then, here goes!—an' the sooner the better—hourray!"

"Marcy on us, Jonathan Hale! Are you agoin' crazy," cried Aunt Nabby.

"No, wife—but I'll tell you what 'tis. I have ben to the minister—I've had a narrow escape—an' what's more, a talk with them that knows, an' I've made up my mind, that next campaign will see me and as many of our boys as we can spare, trying to do our duty side by side with the rest of my countrymen. Go to bed, boys! Come wife, let's go to bed!"

CHAPTER IV.

Just nine months after this—being the twenty-sixth of August, 1776, an aged man appeared at Washington's head-quarters in the city of New York, entreating permission to serve as a volunteer in the approaching battle, then hourly expected on Long Island. He was a man of few words, and Washington appeared very much struck with his grave and thoughtful carriage. He bore a letter to the commander-in-chief, written by Gov. Trumbull, of Connecticut, asking as a favor, if it might be allowed, consistently with the rules of the service, that the aged man, who would take with him into camp a son just turned of eighteen, might be allowed to join the Sharpshooters, and as far as possible to "fight on his own hook." Washington smiled at the language of the request, but there was no time for consideration; and having directed the father and son to report themselves to Col. Miles, whose battalion of riflemen were already posted in a thick wood, to watch a road running from the Southern side of the Hills to Jamaica, he dismissed them.

They had already crossed the East river, and were on the way to report themselves, when a boat passed them swiftly, and striking a little below where they had landed—a man leaped ashore followed by a horse without saddle or bridle.

"There goes the Switch-tail Pacer, as large as life!" cried the father.

"An' there goes Ebenezer Day himself!" cried the son.

"I hope not—I shouldn't like to meet that man here, and just on the eve o' battle. He's out for no good, I'm sure—and though I've got a plenty o' questions to put him when we do meet, still, as I said afore—I should a leetle rather not see him jist now."

"And why not, father?"

"Why, Joe—because I don't want a private quarrel on my hands, jest at a time when all the grit that's in me is wanted for a better cause."

"Who goes there!" cried a sentry, starting up from a log on which he had been sitting.

"A friend!"

"Advance, friend, an' give the countersign!"

"What's that, father? what's the critter mean?"

"I don't know—but I'm rayther inclined to—"

"Stand!" shouted the sentry, levelling his musket at the old man's head.

"Not as you knows on!" cried Joe; "better mind what you're at, mister—two can play at that game—father's a dead shot with a rifle, and as for me"—bang!—off went the sentinel's piece—another followed—another!—and another!—and forth rushed the corporal's guard, followed by the grand rounds.

"There father!—what did I tell ye!"

"A miss is as good as a mile," answered his father. "And as for that feller—he's more'n half asleep now. So much for setting on his post—here you, mister!" calling to the sentry, as the corporal's guard began to close upon them; plaguy pretty business you'd made on't, wouldn't ye now, if we *had* ben the innimy?"

"Silence—who are you?" said the corporal, with a flourish.

"Silence! who are ye?—if that aint a good one father!"

"Hold your tongue, Joe—the man knows what he's about," continued the father; and then having explained the whole matter, he and Joe were sent off under an escort to Colonel Miles, and the sentry was clapped under arrest, for having disregarded the general orders which had just appeared, cautioning the men against the dangerous practice of sitting on their posts, at night, and in the presence of an enemy, whose attack was hourly expected.

"Excellent!" cried Col. Miles, on hearing the old man's proposition. "You are just the men we want—is your boy a good shot?"

"Rayther more'n middlin'," said the father—"nothin' to brag of though—but willin' to do his best."

"That'll do—that's enough—but these clothes o' yours won't do."

"Why not—arn't they good enough?"

"Too good by half—and a great deal too warm, let me tell you, for such weather as we're like to have. Here Pope—Sergeant Pope—this way, if you please, Mr. Pope. Just bring us in a couple o' hunting shirts. There, my friend—these are the things for service," he added, as the hunting shirts appeared. "You see what the commander-in-chief's notions are—cheaper—cooler in summer and warmer in winter—and calculated to strike terror into the enemy, who takes it for granted that all who wear this kind o' dress are capital marksmen.—There's another thing to be considered—a citizen's dress would expose you to a good deal of risk, if you should happen to be taken prisoner with arms upon you."

"Very well, sir—we're agreed; but what's to become o' the clothes we take off? They aint more'n a quarter worn out, an' Joe's wont come to mendin' these three months."

The Colonel bit his lip, and then, after a brief pause, replied,—"Leave them here—I'll be answerable for them."

"Well, father, I don't see but that's a fair shake enough," said Joseph; "an' now, the sooner we get rigged up the better"—looking rather pale and anxious—and then stopping short, as he heard a distant dropping fire, like that of riflemen afar off, then a bugle, and then the booming of two or three heavy cannon—the first poor Joseph had ever heard in his life. "Goodness, father! what's that!" he added, catching at his father's arm, and turning his head in the direction of the sound.

But the old man was made for such occasions. "That! my boy," said he, stretching forth his right arm and following the reverberations with his hand as they rumbled and echoed among the hills that reach from the eastern side of the Narrows, a distance of six miles, up to Jamaica—"That, my boy, is the voice of our country! Lo! the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof!"

"Glorious!" cried the Colonel—"and now just step aside—change your dresses and return to me as soon as possible, and then—(catching the old man's quiet enthusiasm)—then we'll try to find a place for you, where you will be able to fight on your own hook. One thing, however, I must mention to you now, or it may be forgotten. We are expecting an attack every hour—every moment, indeed!"

Poor Joseph's heart was in his mouth.

"We are all ready for it,—full of courage—and full of confidence."

Poor Joseph began to feel better.

"There are but three passes through the hills,—very narrow and easily defended. We are in command of them all, and I am posted there, with my sharp-shooters, to keep open the communication. Everything will depend upon our not being taken by surprise. Every man must be on the watch—and, as for you, as I mean to leave you a pretty wide field for operation, all I ask of you is, that you will mind the bugle, and when you see the others moving off, you must be sure to follow. There may be no time for explanations, and I shouldn't like to have you cut off."

"Cut off!" said Joseph, and his teeth began to chatter.

"Movin' off, Colonel—I don't know as I understand you; I hope you don't mean runnin' away?" said the old man.

The colonel laughed. "Yes, but I do, though," said he. "Riflemen carry no bayonets."

"Nor anybody else, for that matter, so far as I could see," replied the former.

"Very true—we're sadly deficient in every thing but pluck and a deep religious confidence in the God of Battles—in a word, Riflemen must run, if they are charged."

"But they may run as they like, I hope—and when they're out of breath, I s'pose there'd be no great harm in just steppin' behind a tree, or a fence—long enough to drop a ball in,—hey, colonel?"

"Not the least in the world."

"That'll do—that's enough," cried the old man; "we'll be back in a minnit;" and running into the bushes, followed by his son, they stripped immediately, and soon reappeared, equipped in their hunting shirts and all ready for the onset—poor Joseph with many a sad misgiving, and many a sorrowful thought of home, the father with none at all, for he had "counted the cost," and going to battle with him now, was like going to Church.

They were immediately put in charge of an orderly, furnished with knapsacks and canteens; attached to a mess that fed anywhere and everywhere—by night or by day—on the march—or among the bushes and tree-tops—carrying their provender ready cooked, in the shape of dough-nuts, brown bread and fat pork, and were ordered to lie down and sleep upon their arms.

"You'll call us when we're wanted, mister, shan't ye?" asked Joe, wiping his eyes with the sleeve of his hunting shirt, and then, seeing that he was observed, letting the sleeve slip down over his mouth, as if that were the real object he had in view.

"Rather guess we shall, youngster."

"I'm plaguey tired—hard to wake at all times," continued Joe—"should be sorry to oversleep myself jest at this time."

"Oversleep yourself! zounds! my man, if you *should* happen to oversleep yourself here, when you're wanted—you'd better never wake again."

"I don't know about that," said the father; "Joe haint signed the papers yet,—and law's law, I s'pose, till that's gone through with."

"Have n't signed the papers!—What business have you here, then?"

"As much business here as you have, my friend. If you think otherwise, you'd better step over there and ask General Washington if we haint, that's all."

"Pshaw!—there's your quarters," pointing to a ragged and miserable tent, already occupied, by half a score of sleepers with hunting shirts and dark rusty looking rifles—make yourself as comfortable as you can, and to-morrow, if we're both living, we'll have another talk about the papers—there's no time to-night."

"To-morrow, if we're both living," repeated Joe—gasping for breath. "Why, father! how the feller talks!"

"Joseph—my dear son—we know not who may be alive to-morrow. You and I may both be in our graves!"

"Father!—father!—don't talk so; you make me feel so strange."

"My dear boy—I want you to feel strangely—come here—kneel down with me, and let us pray together"—and down they knelt upon the damp turf together and prayed together, each holding by the other's hand—the boy with streaming eyes lifted up to Heaven, the father, with a countenance brimful of solemnity and fervor.

"Oh that our Nathan was here!" the father added as he rose to his feet—

"Well, father—it's my opinion you'll find him here somewhere. You know he threatened to go into the army after he got through the school—and I've always had a sort of a notion—who's that! Look, father, look! There goes a man like a shadow—with a horse following arter him jest like a dog. Father—father!—don't you see 'em!"

"See them!—to be sure I do—hark—hark! They are both coming this way. Ah!—Ebenezer! is that you?"

"Jonathan Hale, as I'm alive! the very man I've been a lookin' for, these three days? Have you seen your son?"

"My son is with me."

"What! the captain?"

"The captain! I don't understand you—Joseph is here. Joshua I've left at home to take care of the house and look after his mother, and as for Nathan—perhaps you can tell me where he is to be found."

"Perhaps I can; but why do you think so?"

"Why!—Because—man or devil—Ebenezer Day, you had that power over Nathan Hale from the first time you first set eyes on him, that no other human being ever had, or ever will have. From the day he left my house, the next morning after you rode away so unaccountably—he was never the same person. The next time I saw him, he was moody and thoughtful, and his own mother hardly knew him."

"Excellent!—have you forgotten Bible and Key—or the conversation you and I had together, and the little service I did you at the training at Hartford—nine months ago this very day."

"Oh, gracious! what is it?" cried Joseph, starting back and stretching forth all the fingers he had, toward some object behind his father. It was a horse's head thrust forward, between the stranger and his father, as if listening, and within a foot of their faces.

The old man was a good deal startled at the look of the animal's eyes; but much more at the allusion made by the stranger to the training at Hartford, where a person had scraped acquaintance with him, and, as with the hand of a giant, stopped a large powerful horse that had nearly overthrown him, just as he was getting into his sleigh to return home. That person, too, had actually parted with him under the maple tree, after rousing his old heart for the wrongs of his country, as with the voice of a trumpet.

"Ebenezer Day—was that you?"

"It was."

"Why that appeared a middle-aged man, almost in the flower of his strength."

"Well, and what am I, pray?"

"You!"

"Yes, I! But enough o' this. Look you, Jonathan Hale, I have no time for trifling now—your boy, Nathan, is a Captain in the Continental Army. Would you like to see him—perhaps for the last time—before we join battle? If so, follow me."

"Lead on—we'll follow."

"But, I say, father—is that right? Ain't we under orders?"

"No, boy—no further than we choose, fighting as we do on our own hook. After to-morrow it may be a different thing—"

"I wish to-morrow would come, father."

"What's that, boy?"

"You mean to list then, father?"

"To be sure I do, if there's any thing left of me!"

"That's right, father, hurraw for you!"

"Maybe you'd like to ride—here, Betty! here!" continued Ebenezer Day.

"No, I thank ye," answered the old man, as the playful beast came trotting round them in a circle, snuffing and throwing up her heels, and poking her nose out and offering, now her left side and then her crupper to them. "No, I thank ye—I'd a leetle rayther walk, if it's all the same to you."

"Well, Joe—won't you jump on? you'll find her about the easiest goin' critter ever you backed in your life—here, Betty!"

"I!" said Joe, dropping a little behind his father, "not by a jug full!"

"Hadn't ye better?"

And up came the mare as if she understood her master, and flitting her tail in the boy's face, stretched forth her long neck and lifted her thick main, gave a sort of low, whimpering neigh, which was immediately answered from an open field on their left:

Joe drew nearer to the old man, and fixing his eye on the mare, as much as to say—no you don't—I'm up to all your tricks, marm—he gave his father a tug at the elbow, which the old man replied to

by dropping the breech of his gun into his hard rattling palm, and then asking how far it was to our Nathan's.

"Not far—wait a minute," said the stranger; and he disappeared in the darkness, followed by the mare.

After a few minutes voices were heard approaching—the tramp of horses' feet, and before the old man had entirely recovered from the surprise he had felt on seeing the mare take the fence with a flying leap, at the heels of her master, a horseman rode up to him—flung himself from the saddle—and cried out, "Thank God, father! I've found you at last—and who is that with you?"

For a moment, the old man was utterly overcome. There stood his brave boy—the pride of his old age—with the stout bearing of a youthful soldier, wearing the badge of authority, a yellow cockade, and evidently a personage of no little consequence, for he was followed by five or six horsemen who held themselves aloof, during the interview with his father—

The old man dropped his rifle and took his boy by both hands without speaking, and before he had entirely mastered the feeling that rose in his throat, and almost choked him, the question was repeated—

"Why brother, don't you know me?"

"God bless me, Joe!—is that you?—where's Josh?"

The old man dropped the hands he held, and stepping back, raised his right arm as with no very equivocal intention. But somebody at his back interfered—

"Old gentleman!—are you out o' your head?"

"Out o' my head—no!"

"Who are you?—let go my arm; or"—lifting it and breaking away with more than the usual energy of a father about to deal with a disobedient son after the fashion of that day—

"Would you strike an officer, old gentleman? Do you know the consequences?"

"Do I know the consequences?"—imitating—"no! nor do I care for the consequences; aint I his father—and do ye think I'll stand by and hear him take the name of the Lord in vain—no! not if he was the Commander in Chief." And then turning to his son, who had been familiar from his youth up with a certain dextrous flirt of the fingers which had set their cheeks a tingling times without number—he added—"I tell you what it is, Nathan Hale—I can forgive you for most any thing—for every thing but this."

"Father forgive me," said the Captain, "I was wrong; forgive me, I beseech you—I'll be more upon my guard hereafter; and now, you must be very tired, sir—mount my horse, will you, and just follow that man—Corporal Webber, this way—here sir—now, father, jump up, and he will shew you to our rendezvous. It is not half a mile from here, and I'll be with you, in half an hour, at furthest!"

"Very well—I forgive you this time—but mind, shaking his rifle over his head, Captain or no Captain, I won't have any swearin' where I am. Here, Joe—jump on behind—carry double, won't he?"

"Yes, if you can get him up."

"Git him up—what d'ye mean by that? Here, Joe."

"Feel behind, father, and judge for yourself."

The old man did so, and greatly to his astonishment, found a huge bundle strapped on behind. "Ah, what's the meanin' o' this—no room here, Joe—without you give a run, and clap your hands on the crittur's rump, and spring high enough to clear a bundle about the size of little Jerry, a standin' up."

"Better let him walk, father."

The old man assented, and Nathan followed slowly after, getting all the news he could from his brother, and giving him directions about his conduct in battle—where to betake himself at the bugle call—what to do in case of a charge—or a retreat—and above all imploring him to stand by his father, and acquit himself like a man. "Brother!" he added, after a long and thoughtful pause, just as they were challenged by a sentry of the outpost, to which he was at attached—"Brother! you must be well prepared. If the battle comes on, and come it will, within a few days, just as sure as we are living men, we must make up our minds to beat the enemy. What people did at Bunker Hill and Lexington last year: and what they have just done at Sullivan's Island, is enough to show what we are capa-

ble of. One word more. We shall soon be separated, God knows for how long a time."

"Don't brother—don't talk so. I can't bear it."

"I did not say it irreverently, Joseph—but he only knows whether we shall ever meet again. Try to get some sleep—urge father to sleep—never leave him whatever may happen—be cool—don't throw away a shot—and if the worst comes to the worst, you will find me *undiscouraged*. Farewell! I have duties to perform—I may not be able to see father again, but I leave him in your charge. Farewell."

And here they parted—Captain Hale to take his rounds about two miles in the rear of the battalion of riflemen, his young brother to sleep, and his aged father to prayer.

But sleep would not follow prayer. The strange circumstances in which that father found himself—so far from his beloved and peaceful home—surrounded by all the signs and preparations for immediate battle—strangers all about, lying asleep in their clothes on the damp turf, and grasping each his fire lock, in the deep stillness of night—the tread of the sentry echoing with the regular beat of a pulse in the solid earth—no, no, it was impossible to sleep: The thoughts of home—of the slumbering youth he had brought up, even as Abraham had brought Isaac, to be laid upon the altar of his country peradventure *not* to be redeemed, when the hour of sacrifice drew nigh—all these things were too much for him; and for a moment—a single moment—one might have detected a change in his breathing, or perhaps a glistening of the gray lashes. Unable to sleep, he determined to walk forth into the open air, and grasping his rifle, he got up, and was stealing forth on tip toe, when Joseph woke, and starting to his feet appeared bewildered for a moment, and altogether lost; but a sign from his father reassured him, and taking his rifle, when he saw his father stoop and pass out of the tent, he followed hard after him.

The air was cool and fresh. No living creature was a stir. It was very dark, so dark that the sentry himself could hardly be distinguished at the distance of ten or a dozen yards, as they stole by him,—and the stillness had something awful in it.

Having pursued their way together for a considerable time, until the tread of the nearest sentry was lost in the distance, and nothing was to be heard but the occasional passing of a mounted patrol in some by-path, or a vidette hurrying at full speed over the Jamaica road, they seated themselves under a tree, and fell into conversation. For the first time in all his life, the father spoke to the son, as to an equal—and for the first time in all his life poor Joseph was not afraid to be alone with his father. Instead of reviewing all the past errors, and follies—the backslidings and short-comings of Joshua and Nathan, and all the rest of the family, and reproaching them for the cost he had been put to, and for the trouble he had gone through with in bringing them up, he talked with his boy as if his heart were softened at the near prospect of danger—perhaps of death—and even went so far as to acknowledge that he had always been a most indulgent father—too indulgent perhaps, and that Joseph had been a very good sort of a boy after all; and that he had never, so far as he knew, deserved a switchin' that he didn't get; and that, he added, "was sayin' a good deal for any body."

Joe was a good deal affected by this; but just as he was on the point of assuring his father how deeply he felt his kindness—better late than never—the old man rose up—listened—then made a sign to him not to move—laid his ear to the ground—continued in that position for several minutes, and then straining his eyes toward the nearest hills—he pointed to Joe's rifle, and grasping his own, made another sign to the boy to follow him.

Joe was not a little alarmed; and he had not followed his father a hundred yards through the low underbrush, when all at once he felt the ground trembling under him, as if at regular intervals there was a heavy tread passing by them in the darkness.

"They are on the march;" whispered his father, and we must follow. I don't understand it—I declare. It can't be the battalion of riflemen—they are two miles further off—and surely they'd never think of retreating in this way, and leaving the pass open. Boy! we must follow them—there's something here I don't like."

What time o' night is 't, father?"

"Can't see by my watch, but," looking up at the sky—"it must be near day-light, I'm a-thinkin'. Steady—look to your bullet-pouch."

"All right, father."

"And the powder-horn?"

"Yes, father."

"Very well—now"—in a low anxious whisper—"just open your pan softly—hark!—very softly, Joe—and see if the primin's all right."

"All right, father."

"Very well—now follow me like a panther. Do whatever you see me do—when I stop, do you stop."

"Yes, father—but how am I to see what you are doin'? It's jest as dark as Egypt here, and if you push on a-head as fast as you have, all I can do is to foller ye."

"Well, then follow me—and don't make any more noise than you can help."

After a few minutes they came to the road side, where they concealed themselves among the under growth. Hardly were they there, when the old man dropped upon one knee, and resting his long rifle upon the top of a stump, laid his cheek to the breech, as if on the point of pulling trigger—for lo! there was a dark, heavy moving mass right before them, within a distance of fifty yards—hoarse whispering—the rattle of arms carried carefully—and the trampling of many horses.

For ten minutes the black mass continued rolling by them—occasionally coming nearer—so near at one time, that his father touched him to make him lie down flat upon his face.

While they were both in this position, watching with intense and terrible anxiety, a horseman drew up within a dozen yards of them—it had grown lighter now—and the outline of horse and rider both could be distinguished. Another rode up—a word or two was interchanged in a low voice, not in a whisper as hitherto—and something was said about scouring the woods along that whole route.

"No, no! we're safe now—we've outwitted the d—d rebels at last!" cried the latter—wheeling as he spoke—"my service to Gen. Grant, and tell him I have rejoined De Heister"—and then clapping spurs to his horse and pointing toward Flatbush, he started off at a hard gallop, followed by five or six other well mounted horsemen.

"The Lord have mercy upon the poor critter's soul!" whispered the old man, in a voice that Joseph remembered to his dying day.—Then followed the crack of a rifle—and the next moment, the officer tumbled from the saddle, and away went the horse plunging and tearing toward the nearest wood.

"Halt!"—shouted a loud voice—"Halt!"—other voices followed—"Skirmishers to the flanks!—give them a volley and charge Ah! there goes the general!—now for it!—hurrah!"

Forward came a general officer, followed by a number of horsemen at full speed. A short conversation ensued. The men were ordered to halt and form—the right flankers were called in, the country being all open on that side, the left thrown out, and preparations were made for scouring the wood.

"It was but one shot, and very near—just on the edge of the wood, sir," continued a speaker.

"It matters not—there may be a body of riflemen there. It looks well adapted for ambush, and we must be wary. Look to it, sir—we cannot afford to skirmish with the main body. Throw in a few sharp shooters, and feel them a little before we charge."

During all this conversation, every word of which fell on the ears of the father and son like a sentence of death, the old man stood stooping and holding his son's hand, that he shouldn't move. But now making a sign to him to follow—he crept a few paces off and got behind a large tree.

That instant a volley was poured into the underbrush, and they were both able to see in the sudden brightness of the discharge the horseman pointing with his sword at the very spot they had just left.

"Joseph—my boy—that other rifle."

Joseph reached it to him.

"And now, Joseph, take mine, and pull foot. I'll be after ye in a moment."

Joseph shook his head.

"Do as I bid you, boy."

Joseph obeyed, keeping his eye on his father, who continued with his rifle rested and pointing toward the officer, as if waiting for a chance.

At last it came. Another sharp crack was heard—the officer bent over the saddle, as if shot through the body—a terrible commotion followed—orders from twenty different voices—two or three volleys in quick succession, and then all was still again.

"So—there's another gone to De Heister! That makes two!" said the old man, overtaking his son, who was all out of breath; and beginning to load anew—"no time to lose, my boy—load away, load away!—they can't hear us—and if they do—they're only throwing away their powder and ball—we're safe now—and the alarm will spread. We have cost them a good half hour and two officers.

"Two, father—and how do you feel after killing two men?"

"How do I feel!—go ask Judas Macabeas, or Joshua, or any other of the mighty men of old, who went forth against the Philistines, how they felt! Ah!—there it comes!"

At this moment a heavy cannonade was opened by De Heister upon Flatbush—and General Clinton, whose troops had now gained the American left unperceived—having halted and refreshed his men—charged the Americans with his dragoons and infantry just as they had abandoned the hills and were flying to their lines.

Hotter and hotter raged the battle. Heavier and heavier grew the cannonade. For six mortal hours the troops under Lord Stirling, composed of Colonel Atlees, Colonel Smallwood's, and Col. Hatch's regiments, with two battalions under Col. Miles, were engaged with the whole British left under General Grant.

Driven by the British upon the Hessians and by the Hessians upon the British, over and over again, the continentals grew desperate, and concentrating for one final effort—charged in their turn, and bursting their way through the clouds of triumphant British—cut their way back to their camp—the British losing only three hundred and eighteen, of whom but sixty-one were killed—while the loss of the Continentals could not have been less than a thousand—many perishing miserably in the marsh at Gowan's cove, and others in the woods—while no less than ten hundred and eleven privates and non-commissioned officers together with two major generals (Gen. Sullivan and Lord Stirling) and sixty-two commissioned officers were taken prisoners by the British.

And yet our people were undiscouraged. And yet they would listen to no terms of accommodation from their task masters. They knew the causes of their failure. They had fought under tremendous disadvantages—raw militia in the open field, against a much greater number of the best disciplined troops in the world. They had been surprised by a strange combination of accidents unheard of in the wars of Europe, and were prevented from betaking themselves to their entrenchments, where they hoped to be assailed, and where the story of Bunker Hill would have been told over again, with variations—by a large body of troops getting in their rear.

"Father—father! jist look o' there!" cried Joseph, in the very midst of the fight—"look! look! there goes the Switch-tail Pacer, jist as sure as you'r alive!" And there she was going, sure enough!—and there went her rider, without saddle or bridle, cutting and slashing right and left, bareheaded and apparently heedless of every thing in his way. Three several times did he appear—and disappear—and always in the thickest of the fight—now a-foot with the mare following him like a dog, and now on her back, with her mane flying loose and her eyes flashing fire at every plunge.

"Awful! aint it, father—who can it be?"

"Who can it be?—why, Ebenezer Day, to be sure—stand back mister!—look out, Joe!" sayin' which, the old man fired his rifle at the foremost of a platoon, which came on hurraing and all out of breath, calling upon them to surrender—and then instantly clubbing it, went at them, followed by Joe, hammer and tongs.

"No quarter! down with them! no quarter! for the blasted re-

bels!" shouted two or three who were in better wind than their fellows, "no quarter!"

"Give it to 'em, Joe! blaze away old gentleman! that's your sort!" cried a well known voice, and instantly the Switch-tail Pacer was among them—scattering them right and left like a whirlwind.

"Run! run for your lives!" cried Ebenezer Day—follow that crowd you see yonder; they are pushing for the lines—that's your only chance. Run, Joe, run!"

"Run, father, run!" cried Joe.

"I can't run, Joe—but you may—run for your life, and when you see your mother tell her where you left me—as for me, Joe, I am too old to run—farewell, my boy—the God of battles bless and protect thee, and her, and all the rest o' the"—and down he dropped upon the turf.

"Father!—father!—you're bleedin' to death. What's the matter; don't look so, father!" cried Joe.

"Bleedin'!—oh, ho—that's another matter," said Ebenezer Day, jumping off the mare—"lend us a hand, Joe—here, Betty, here—stand still a moment, there's a good critter."

"What—you aint a goin' to boost father 'on top o' that beast!" cried Joe, drawing back with eyes full of horror and amazement.

"Why not?—she'll take him out of danger in three minutes!"

"Father!—father!—look up!"—the old man opened his eyes. "Here's the Switch-tail Pacer, an' if you aint afeard to get up, I'll take an' lead her by the halter."

"Ebenezer, give me your hand. I've seen you at work to-day—like a mower in the field o' death—I'll trust you. Help me up and the Lord bless you for your timely aid."

"Boost away, Joe—that your sort, my boy! There he goes! Now take the halter and follow that cloud o' dust you see there, keepin' out the way o' the stragglers—and above all, of the light horsemen. Good bye."

"I've got her by the halter, father—don't be afeard."

"Hang on, Joe, hang on!—if she gets a goin' that way there'll be no stoppin' her. What's the matter with your left arm, Joe?"

"Nothin' father."

"Nothin', father—don't tell me!"—reeling backward as he spoke, and trying to steady himself under the swift easy pace of the mare—"What's the matter with your arm, I say?"

"Well, father—I don't know, I declare. It feels kind o' numb—and when I wanted to shoulder my rifle a few minutes ago, I found it wouldn't move—there seems to be a kink in the shoulder."

"My poor boy! you are wounded—here give me the halter, and do you lay hold o' the critters tail, and arter we get a little further along, I'll jump off and swap places with you—ride an tie is fair play all the world over; hand me up that are rifle—and now gimme yourn."

By this arrangement, with great perseverance and great good luck too, they both got safe back to the camp in season to be forwarded by Captain Hale himself, among the first boats that crossed the river with the wounded. The meeting was short and painful—the poor boy had received a bullet in the shoulder, and the old man two or three flesh wounds not worth mentioning—and one fully serious bayonet push near the groin, which took on a rather alarming appearance and obliged him to give up soldiering for one while and to betake himself to his own fireside as fast as he could bear to be moved. Once there, everything seemed to prosper with him. Joe was the favorite now—and the father himself was an altered man. His heart was full of quiet thankfulness, and he began to have serious thoughts of giving Joe his freedom. Yet more—he began to be satisfied with the chimney corner, and no longer insisted on taking his half o' the fire right out o' the middle—nay, his fingers appeared to have lost that peculiar flirt, which, for half a century, had kept the whole neighborhood in awe—and his voice had altered.

CHAPTER V. AND LAST.

The battle on Long Island having terminated so disastrously for the Continentals; the British being in possession of all the approaches, and wanting the city of New York for winter quarters—it be-

came a question of life and death, in the councils of Washington, what should be done. He proposed, in a confidential communication to Congress, to fire the city and reduce it to ashes, if they should be obliged to abandon it, but so to manage, that the blame should fall upon the British. The proposition was debated in Congress with closed doors—all the New York members having their houses and families in the devoted city—the Moscow of '77—being present, and yet, to their everlasting honor be it recorded, no lip of the project ever got abroad—and when the city *was* actually fired—and the British *were* charged with it—so faithfully was the secret kept that all our historians have been led astray, and up to this hour, the stigma abides upon the British!

In the midst of this alarming uncertainty, it became a matter of the last importance—or rather of the first importance for Washington, to find out the strength and the real intentions of Sir William Howe.

"Bring me a man to be trusted," said Washington to a stranger, who had just been admitted to his presence.

The stranger re-appeared—leading in Ebenezer Day.

"The very man!" said Washington. "Leave us together. Mr. Day—I'm glad to see you; we want your help just now, in a matter of the greatest importance and delicacy."

"Your Excellency—I am not the man."

"Why not, Sir?"

"I am too well known. My beast and I were a little too conspicuous on the twentieth-seventh. But give me half an hour, and I will bring your Excellency the very man you want."

"If you please."

Before the time had expired, Ebenezer Day was at the door of Washington's head quarters, in the city of New York, with a written order for instant admission, accompanied by Captain Nathan Hale.

"There's your man," said he, on leading him up to the Commander-in-Chief. "I'll be answerable for him. I suppose I may withdraw?"

Washington bowed, and Ebenezer Day withdrew.

"Your name, Sir, if you please," said the Commander-in-Chief, after studying the countenance of the youthful soldier for a few minutes with a visible seriousness, approaching to anxiety. "I see you are a captain, but our friend in his hurry forgot to mention your name."

"Hale, your Excellency—Nathan Hale."

"Indeed—the son of that brave old man, who brought me a letter from Governor Trumbull, asking that he might be allowed to *fight on his own hook*, as he termed it?"

"The same, your Excellency."

"How is he, do you know? I heard of his behavior at Brooklyn Heights—from an eye-witness."

Captain Hale looked up astonished.

"You had a younger brother in the engagement; and if I recollect rightly, both were wounded. I hope not dangerously?"

How the Captain's cheek glowed! and how his eyes sparkled! It cost him an effort to reply in a voice loud enough to reach the ear of the Commander-in-chief; and when he did, it was only to say that both were doing well.

Washington bowed and proceeded at once to business. "Captain Hale," said he, "I—I—" and then he walked two or three times across the room, without stopping—"I—I will not conceal from you, that the service required from you now is one of great difficulty and hazard."

But the young man's eyes only sparkled the more; and his chest heaved but more proudly.

"I am anxious to ascertain the real strength of the enemy,"—fixing his eyes upon the countenance of Hale, and speaking with the greatest deliberation and solemnity.

That countenance fell.

"I know what I ask, Sir; and I know that to a soldier and a man of honor, few things would be so terrible."

The young man grew paler and paler at every word.

"I say nothing of the danger to life, Captain Hale. That of course you are prepared for, but"—and his voice faltered.

"Enough, your Excellency—we understand each other. I know what I have to expect, if I fail, and I am prepared for it. I have but one life—would I had more for the service of my country!"

"Captain Hale, give me your hand."

The young soldier reached forth one hand to his general, and covered his eyes with the other. It was the proudest—the happiest moment of his life; and he was afraid to trust himself with another word. At last, and after a convulsive effort, he added with a calmness which appeared to make a profound impression upon the commander-in-chief—"I am ready, your Excellency."

"Be seated, Captain Hale—the work must be done at once—the sooner the better." He then proceeded to explain his object. Information respecting the views, movements, position and strength of Sir William Howe, was to be had from the very heart of the British camp—immediately and at all hazards.

Having obtained these instructions, Hale rose and reached the door, when carried away by a sudden impulse, Washington stepped towards him, and taking his hand once more, said—"Your father shall hear of this, and your country shall do you justice, happen what may. Farewell, sir!"

Within five hours, the gallant fellow was in the very heart of the camp, disguised as a wagoner. Already had he measured three sides of it, and was employed upon the fourth, having ascertained the whole effective number of their troops from three different sources, when his attention was called to a gathering of general officers. It struck him instantly that a council of war had been called, and that if he could manage to overhear the deliberations—a desperate project at the best—but a project, nevertheless, which, if carried into execution, would justify his immediate return—it would be just the thing. But how to proceed?—At best, it was exceedingly irksome to be loitering about among the sutlers and camp followers—to play the part of a spy—but how much more irksome to be caught listening—and then, to be hung up, without having accomplished anything.

In the hope of—he hardly knew what—he contrived to saunter along near a party at work on the entrenchments, as a general officer passed. It was Sir Henry Clinton. He appeared lost in thought, pale and anxious, and took no notice of the working party. He was followed by another, a stately personage, walking arm in arm with an officer in the uniform of the British Navy. From the remarks that he heard after they had passed, he found these to be Sir William Howe, the Commander-in-Chief, and Lord Howe, the British Admiral.

On hearing this, he quickened his pace, and had actually reached the rear of a tent, unperceived, in which the council were assembled, and was already in a position to hear what might be said, when a shadow shot across the turf at his feet, and the next moment he was challenged by the sentry.

"Who goes there?"

"Now for it!" said poor Hale—and away he sprang toward a clump of trees, not fifty yards off.

The sentry fired. Another shot followed—another—and another! In a moment the whole camp was in commotion. Out rushed the commander-in-chief and all the general officers from the council of war—all clamoring for their horses, and impatient for explanation—the bugle sounded—the drums beat to arms. "Fall in men! fall in!" was heard from every quarter of the field. The centre of the whole British army, and a large portion of its right was now under arms. It was believed that Washington had landed—that the ships had been fired—and that the rebels were in great strength advancing upon Flatbush.

In the midst of the hubbub—poor Hale was taken, and led forth with to Sir William Howe's quarters.

To all questioning, he refused reply; and not until they taunted his country, would he deign to open his mouth. When called a spy and a rebel, he fixed his eyes upon the British general, and kept them there, until he heard the name of Washington coupled with an irreverent gibe. And then the brave fellow's indignation broke forth like a lion. "George Washington a traitor!—George Washington a rebel! God, in his mercy forgive you, and your Royal Master, for

driving him to such a pass! What must have been your folly, and what your crimes, before one of the best and greatest men that ever lived could be driven to take up arms against the Lord's anointed!"

"Silence!"

"Silence! to me!—who are you, sir, that dare to command me, an American soldier! to keep silence!"

Who are you, sir?" said the Admiral, in a mild, compassionate voice.

"My name is Hale, Nathan Hale, a Captain of Infantry in the service of Congress and God Almighty—and now, sir, who are you? and what may your name be?"

The Admiral turned away in silence.

"The rankest rebel I ever yet happened to meet with, my lord—and the foulest traitor," said an old officer.

"A rebel, am I!—and so was Hampden—and Sydney—and Sir Walter Raleigh—they were all traitors and rebels, spotted traitors and the foulest of rebels!"

"Leave the wretched man, brother, leave him to his reflections. He is evidently young—brave, and beside himself," said the Admiral to his brother, Sir William, who stood watching the countenance of the prisoner and hoping to see it change.

"Summon the provost—call a drum head court-martial—and if you find him guilty, order him for instant execution, that's my idea of the matter, general. This is no time for trifling," said another.

"Der Teufel!" added De Heister, with a shrug, "das ist es nicht; De dime vor do drivle iss by long dime gone. Bei mein Gott, ya!"

A court martial was summoned immediately. Hale was arraigned as a spy—found guilty as a spy—and the next morning *hanged as a spy*.

Once, and for a single moment, just before he was turned off, he saw, or thought he saw, looking up at him, with an expression of profound sorrow, from the midst of the multitude below him, a countenance that he knew. It was that of Ebenezer Day. He felt strangely comforted, and was looking about for the horse, when the drop fell.

So perished this exemplary young man. With one single exception, there was no eye to pity. Even the last consolations of religion were denied him; and the letters he wrote to his family—his mother and sisters—and to his aged father—were all destroyed. And what think you was the reason for such barbarity—the reasons urged by a British officer at the time? It was this—"They wouldn't have the damned rebels know they had a man in their army capable of dying as Nathan Hale had died!"

Such was the death of an American martyr. Such the treatment he received at the hands of our magnanimous brethren the British. Compare his fate with that of Andre. The treatment he received from *British*, with the treatment Andre received from the *Americans*, up to the very last hour. And then—are you an American? Compare what American History has done for Hale, with what—I will not say *English* History—but with what *American* History has done for Andre—and having done that, down upon your knees and thank God that dying for one's country is so pleasant and so profitable, and sure to be remembered where that country happens to be a Republic.

KEEP THE MEN STRAIGHT.—We see it stated that over one hundred of the wives of members of Congress have, this winter, accompanied their husbands to Washington. The moral advantages of this excellent addition to Washington society may be largely counted upon. Not only will the husbands themselves behave better under guardianship, but their example will do wonders in keeping young bachelors and unattended husbands in order. There is no evil example more potent than the "indiscretions" of a married man. The unmarried take awful license from the peccadillos of heads of families, and, indeed, conceive themselves fully justified in being twice as wicked as a man who has a family.

The presence of these ladies will give a cheerful tone to the doings in Washington this winter. The asperities of political warfare will be lessened and softened; and the decencies of life so far respected, we trust, that there will be not a single resort to fisticuffs during the whole season.

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

THE LADY JANE.

A NOVEL IN RHYME, IN TWO CANTOS.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

[CONCLUDED.]

CANTO SECOND.

XXVI.

Loose rein! put spur! and follow, gentle reader!

For I must take a flying leap, in rhyme;

And be to you both Jupiter and leader,

Annihilating space, (we all kill time,)

And overtaking Jules in Rome, where he'd a

Delight or two, besides the pleasant clime.

The Lady Jane and he, (I scorn your cavils—

The Earl was with them, Sir!) were on their travels.

XXVII.

You know, perhaps, the winds are no narcotic

As swallow'd 'twixt the Thames and Frith of Forth;

And Jules had prov'd a rather frail exotic—

Too delicate to winter so far north;

The Earl was breaking, and half idiotic,

And Lady Jane's condition little worth;

So, thro' celestial Paris, (speaking victual-ly,)

They sought the sunnier clime of ill-fed Italy.

XXVIII.

Oh Italy!—but no—I'll tell its faults!

It has them—the blood so "nimble capers"

Beneath those morning heavens and starry vaults,

That we forget big rooms and little tapers—

Forget how drowsily the Romans waltz—

Forget they've neither shops nor morning papers—

Forget how dully sits, 'mid ancient glory,

This rich man's Heaven—this poor man's purgatory!

XXIX.

Fashion the world as one bad man would have it, he

Would silence Harry's tongue, and Tom's, and Dick's;

And doubtless it is pleasing to depravity

To know a land where people are but sticks—

When you've no need of fair words, flattery, suavity,

But spend your money, if you like, with kicks—

Where they pass by their own proud, poor nobility,

To welcome golden "Snooks" with base servility.

XXX.

Jules was not in the poor man's category—

So Rome's condition never spoilt his supper.

The deuse (for him) might take the Curtian glory

Of riding with a nation on his crupper.

He liv'd upon a Marquis's first story—

The venerable Marquis in the upper—

And found it pass'd the time, (and so would you,)

To do some things at Rome that Romans do.

XXXI.

The Marquis upon whom he chanc'd to quarter

(He took his lodgings separate from the Earl,)

The Marquis had a friend, who had a daughter—

The friend a noble like himself, the girl

A diamond of the very purest water;

(Or purest milk, if you prefer a pearl;)

And these two friends, tho' poor, were hand and glove

And of a pride their fortunes much above.

XXXII.

The Marquis had not much beside his palace,

The Count, beyond his daughter, simply naught;

And, one day, died this very Count Pascalis,

Leaving his friend his daughter, as he ought;

And, tho' the Fates had done the thing in malice,
The old man took her, without second thought,
And married her. "She's freer thus," he said,
"And will be young to marry when I'm dead."

XXXIII.

Meantime, she had a title, house and carriage,
And, far from wearing chains, had newly burst 'em,—
For, as of course you know, before their marriage
Girls are sad prisoners by Italian custom—
Not meaning their discretion to disparage,
But just because they're sure they couldn't trust 'em.
When wedded, they are free enough—moreover
The marriage contract specifies *one* lover.

XXXIV.

Not that the Marchioness had one—no, no!—
Nor wanted one. It is not my intention
To hint it in this tale. Jules lodg'd below—
But his vicinity's not my invention,
And, if it seem to you more *apropos*
Than I have thought it worth my while to mention,
Why, *you* think as the world did—*verbum sat*—
But still it needn't be so—for all that.

XXXV.

Meet any female neighbor, up a stair,
Occasions thought in him who lodges under;
And Jules, by accident, had walk'd in where
(A "*flight* too high" 's a very common blunder,)
He saw a lady whom he thought as fair
As "from her shell rose" Mrs. Smith of Thunder.
Tho' Venus, I would say were Vulcan by,
Was no more like the Marchioness than I.

XXXVI.

For this grave sin there needed much remission;
And t' assure it, oft the offender went.
The Marquis had a very famous Titian,
And Jules so often came to pay his rent,
The old man recommended a physician,
Thinking his intellects a little bent.
And, pitying, he thought and talk'd about him,
Till, finally, he couldn't live without him.

XXXVII.

And, much to the neglect of Lady Jane,
Jules paid him back his love, and there, all day,
The fair young Marchioness, with fickle brain,
Tried him with changeful mood, now coy, now gay,
And the old man liv'd o'er his youth again,
Seeing those grown up children at their play—
His wife sixteen, Jules looking scarcely more,
'Twas frolic infancy to eighty-four.

XXXVIII.

There seems less mystery in matrimony,
With people living nearer the equator;
And early, like the most familiar crony,
Unheralded by butler, groom, or waiter,
Jules join'd the Marquis at his macaroni,—
The Marchioness at toast and coffee later;
And if his heart throbb'd wild sometimes, he hid it;
And if her dress required "doing"—did it.

XXXIX.

Now tho' the Marchioness in church *did* faint once,
And, as Jules bore her out, they didn't group ill;
And tho' the spouses, (as a pair) were quaint ones—
She scarce a woman, and his age octuple—
'Twas odd, extremely odd, of their acquaintance,
To call Jules *lover* with so little scruple!
He'd a carressing way—but la! you know it's
A sort of manner natural to poets!

XL.

God made them prodigal in their bestowing;
And, if their smiles were riches, few were poor!
They turn to all the sunshine that is going—
Swoop merrily at all that shews a lure—
Their love at heart and lips is overflowing—
Their motto "trust the *future*—now is sure!"
Their natural pulse is high intoxication—
(Sober'd by debt and mortal botheration.)

XLI.

Of such men's pain and pleasure, hope and passion,
The symptoms are not read by "those who run;"
And 'tis a pity it were not the fashion
To count them but as children of the sun—
Not to be baited like the "bulls of Bashan,"
Nor liable, like clods, for "one pound one"—
But reverence'd—as Indians reverence fools—
Inspir'd, tho' God knows how. Well—such was Jules.

XLII.

The Marquis thought him sunshine at the window—
The window of his heart—and let him in!
The Marchioness lov'd sunshine like a Hindoo,
And she thought loving him could be no sin;
And, as she lov'd not yet as those who sin do,
'Twas very well—was't not? Stick there a pin!
It strikes me that so far—to this last stanza—
The hero seems a well-disposed young man, Sir!

XLIII.

I have not bor'd you much with "his abilities,"
Tho' I set out to treat you to a poet.
The first course commonly is "puerilities"—
(A soup well pepper'd—all the critics know it!)
Brought in quite hot. (The simple way to chill it is,
For "spoons" to stir, and *puffy* lips to blow it.)
Then, poet stuff'd, and by his kidney roasted,
And last (with "*lagrima*,") "the devil" toasted.

XLIV.

High-scream between the devil and the roast
But no *Sham-pain*!—Hold there! the fit is o'er.
Obsta principiis—one pun breeds a host—
(Alarmingly prolific for a bore!)
But he who never sins can little boast
Compar'd to him who goes and sins no more!
The "sinful Mary" walks more white in Heaven
Than some who never "sinn'd and were forgiven!"

XLV.

Jules had objections very strong to playing
His character of poet—therefore I.
Have rather dropp'd that thread, as I was saying.
But tho' he'd neither frenzy in his *eye*,
Nor much of outer mark the bard betraying—
(A thing he piqued himself on, by the by—)
His conversation frequently arose
To what was thought a goodly flight, for prose.

XLVI.

His *beau ideal* was to sink the attie,
(Tho' not by birth, nor taste, "the *salt* above"—)
To pitilessly cut the air erratic
Which ladies, fond of authors, so much love,
And be, in style, calm, cold, aristocratic—
Serene in faultless boots and primrose glove.
But th' exclusive's made of starch, not honey,
And Jules was cordial, joyous, frank and funny.

XLVII.

This was one secret of his popularity,
Men hate a manner colder than their own,
And ladies—bless their hearts! love chaste hilarity
Better than sentiment—if truth were known!

And Jules had one more slight peculiarity—

He'd little "approbateness"—or none—
And what the critics said concern'd him little—
Provided it touch'd not his drink and victual.

XLVIII.

Critics, I say—of course he was in print—
"Poems," of course—of course "anonymous"—
Of course he found a publisher by dint
Of search most diligent and far more fuss
Than chemists make in melting you a flint.
Since that experiment he reckons *plus*
Better manure than *minus* for his bays—
In short, seeks immortality—"that pays."

XLIX.

He writes in prose—the public like it better.
Well—let the public! You may take a poet,
And he shall write his grandmother a letter,
And, if he's any thing but rhyme—he'll show it.
Prose may be poetry, without its fetter,
And be it pun or pathos, high or low wit,
The thread will show its gold, however twisted—
(I wish the public flatter'd me that this did!)

L.

No doubt there's pleasant stuff that ill unravels.
I fancy most of Moore's would read so-so,
Done into prose of pious Mr. Flavels—
(That is my Sunday reading—so I know,)
Yet there's Childe Harold—excellent good travels—
And what could spoil sweet Robinson Crusoe!
But tho' a clever *verse-r* makes a *prose-r*,
About the *vice-versa*, I don't know, sir!

LI.

Verser's a better word than *versifier*,
(Unless 't is *verse on fire*, you mean to say.)
And I've long thought there's something to desire
In poet's nomenclature, by the way.
It sounds but queer to laud "*the well-known lyre*"—
Call a dog "poet!" he will run away—
And "songster," "rhymester," "bard," and "poetaster,"
Are customers they're shy of at the Astor.

LII.

A "scribbler's" is a skittish reputation,
And weighs a man down like a hod of mortar.
Commend a suitor's wit, imagination—
The merchant may think of him, for his daughter;
But say that "he writes poetry"—n!
Her "Pa" would rather throw her in the water!
And yet when poets wed, as facts will prove,
Their bills stand all at pa, they much *above*!

LIII.

Jules had a hundred minds to cut the muses;
And sometimes did, "forever!"—(for a week!)
He found for time so many other uses.
His superfluity was his *physique*;
And exercise, if violent, induces
Blood to the head and flush upon the cheek;
And—(tho' details are neither here nor there—)
Makes a man sit uneasy on his chair;

LIV.

Particularly that of breaking horses.
The rate of circulation in the blood,
Best suited to the meditative forces,
Is quite as far from mercury as mud—
That of the starry, not the racing-courses.
No man can trim his style mid fire and flood,
Nor in a passion, nor just after marriage;
And, as to Cesar's writing in his carriage,

LV.

Credat Judæus! Thought is free and easy;
But language, unless wrought with *labor lima*,
Is not the kind of thing, Sir, that would please ye!
The bee makes honey, but his toil is *thymy*,
And nothing is well done until it tease ye;
(Tho', if there's one who would 'twere not so, I'm he!)
Now Jules, I say, found out, that filly-breaking,
Tho' monstrous fun, was not a poet's making.

LVI.

True—some *drink* up to composition's glow;
Some *talk* up to it—*vide* Neckar's daughter!
But when the temp'rature's a fourth too low,
Of course you make up the deficient quarter!
Like Byron's atmosphere, which, chemists know,
Required hydrogen—(more gin and water.)
And Jules's sanguine humor was too high,
So, of the bottle, he had need be shy!

LVII.

And of society, which made him thin
With fret and fever, and of sunny sky—
Father of idleness, the poet's sin!
(John Bull should be industrious, by the by,
If clouds *without* concentrate thought *within*.)
In short, the lad could fag—(I mean soar high)—
Only by habits, which (if Heav'n let *her* choose,)
His mother would bequeath as Christian virtues!

LVIII.

Now men have oft been liken'd unto streams;
(And, truly, both are prone to run down hill,
And seldom brawl when dry, or so it seems!)
And Jules, when he had brooded, long and still,
At the dim fountain of the poet's dreams,
Felt suddenly his veins with frenzy fill;
And, urg'd, as by the torrent's headlong force,
Ruthlessly rode—if he could find a horse.

LIX.

Yes, Sir—he had his freshets like a river,
And horses were his passion—so he rode,
When he his prison'd spirits would deliver,
As if he fled from—some man whom he ow'd—
And glorious, to him, the bounding quiver
Of the young steed in terror first bestrode!
Thrilling as inspiration the delay—
The arrowy spring—the fiery flight away!

LX.

Such riding galls the Muses, (tho' we know
Old Pegasus's build is short and stocky,)
But I'd a mind by these details to show
What Jules might turn out, were the Muses baulky.
This hint to his biographer I throw—
In Jules, the bard, was spoil'd a famous jockey!
Tho' not at all to imitate Apollo!—
Horse him as well, he'd beat that dabbler hollow!

LXI.

'Tis one of the proprieties of story
To mark the change in heroes, stage by stage;
And therefore I have tried to lay before ye
The qualities of Jules's second age.
It *should* wind up with some *memento mori*—
But we'll defer that till we draw the sage.
The moral's the last thing, (I say with pain,)
And now let's turn awhile to Lady Jane.

LXII.

The Earl, I've said, was in his idiocy,
And Lady Jane not well. They therefore hired
The summer palace of Rospigliosi,
To get the sun as well as be retir'd.

You shouldn't fail, I think, this spot to go see—
That's if you care to have your fancy fir'd—
It's out of Rome—it strikes me, on a steep hill—
A sort of place to go to with nice people.

LXIII.

It looks affectionate, with all its splendor—
As loveable as ever look'd a nest;
A palace I protest, that makes you tender,
And long for — fol de rol, and all the rest.
Guido's Aurora's there—you couldn't mend her;
And Samson, by Caracci—not his best;
But pictures, I can talk of to the million—
To you, I'll just describe one small pavilion.

LXIV.

It's in the garden, just below the palace;
I think, upon the second terrace—no—
The first—yes, 'tis the first—the orange alleys
Lead from the first flight down—precisely so!
Well—half-way is a fountain, where, with malice
In all his looks, a Cupid—'hem! you know
You needn't notice that—you hurry by,
And lo! a fairy structure fills your eye.

LXV.

A crescent colonnade folds in the sun,
To keep it for the wooing South wind only—
A thing I wonder is not oftener done
(The crescent, not the wooing—that's my own lie)
For there are months, and January's one,
When winds are chill, and life in-doors gets lonely,
And one quite longs, if wind would keep away,
To sing i' the sunshine, like old King René.

LXVI.

The columns are of marble, white as light;
The structure low, yet airy, and the floor
A tessellated pavement, curious quite,—
Of the same fashion in and out of door.
The Lady Jane, who kept not warm by sight,
Had carpeted this pavement snugly o'er,
And introduc'd a stove, (an open Rumford)—
So the pavilion had an air of comfort.

LXVII.

"The frescos on the ceiling really breathe,"
The guide-books say. Of course they really see:
And, as I tell you what went on beneath,
Of course those naked goddesses told me.
They saw two rows of dazzling English teeth,
Employ'd, each morn, on English "toast and tea;"
And once, when Jules came in, they strain'd their eyes,
But didn't see the teeth, to their surprise.

LXVIII.

The Lady Jane smil'd not. Her lashes hung
Low to the soft eye, and, so still they lay,
Jules knew a tear was hid their threads among,
And that she fear'd 'twould gush and steal away.
The kindly greeting trembled on her tongue,
The hand's faint pressure chill'd his touch like clay,
And Jules with wonder felt the world all changing,
With but the cloud of one fond heart's estranging.

LXIX.

Oh it is darkness to lose love!—howe'er
We little priz'd the fond heart—fond no more!
The bird, dark-wing'd on earth, looks white in air!
Unrecogniz'd are angels, till they soar!
And few so rich they may not well beware
Of lightly losing the heart's golden ore!
Yet—hast thou love too poor for thy possessing?—
Loose it, like friends to death, with kiss and blessing!

LXX.

You're naturally surprised, that Lady Jane
Lov'd Mr. Jules. (He's Mr. now—not Master!)
The fact's abruptly introduc'd, it's plain;
And possibly I should have made it last a
Whole Canto, more or less—but I'll explain.
Lumping the sentiment one gets on faster!
Tho' it's in narrative, an art quite subtle,
To work all even, like a weaver's shuttle.

LXXI.

Good "characters" in tales are "well brought up"—
(Tho', by this rule, my Countess Pasibleu
Is a bad character—yet, just to sup,
I much prefer her house to a church pew—)
But, pouring verse for readers, cup by cup,—
So much a week,—what is a man to do?
"Tis wish'd that if a story you begin, you'd
Make separate scenes of each 'to be continued.'"

LXXII.

So writes plain "Jonathan," who tills my brains
With view to crop—(the seed being ready money—)
And if the "small-lot system" bring him gains,
He has a right to fence off grave from funny—
Working me up, as 'twere, in window-panes,
And, I must own, where one has room to run, he
Is apt, as Cooper does, to spread it thin,
So now I'll go to *lumping* it again!

LXXIII.

"Love grows, by what" it gives to feed another,
And not by what "it feeds on." 'Tis divine,
If any thing's divine besides the mother
Whose breast, self-blessing, is its holy sign.
Much better than a sister loves a brother
The Lady Jane lov'd Jules, and "line by line,
Precept by precept," furnish'd him advice;
Also much other stuff he thought more nice.

LXXIV.

She got him into sundry pleasant clubs,
By pains that women *can* take, tho' but few will!
She made most of him when he got most rubs;
And once, in an inevitable duel,
She follow'd him alone to Wormwood Scrubs—
But not to hinder! Faith! she was a jewel!
I wish the star all manner of festivity
That shone upon her Ladyship's nativity!

LXXV.

All sorts of enviable invitations,
Tickets, and privileges, got she him;
Gave him much satin waistcoat, work'd with patience,
(Becoming to a youth so jimp and slim)—
Cut for his sake some prejudiced relations,
And found for him in church the psalm and hymn;
Sent to his "den" some things not found in Daniel's
And kept him in kid gloves, cologne and flannels.

LXXVI.

To set him down, upon her way *chez elle*,
She stay'd unreasonably late at parties;
To introduce him to a waltzing belle
She sometimes made a *cessio dignitatis*;
And one kind office more that I must tell—
She sent her maid, (and very stern your heart is
If charity like this you find a sin in,)
In church-time, privately, to air his linen.

LXXVII.

Was Jules ungrateful? No! Was he obtuse?
Did he believe that women's hearts were flowing
With tenderness, like water in a sluice,—
Like the sun's shining,—like the breeze's blowing,—

And fancy thanking them was not much use?
 Had he the luck of intimately knowing
 Another woman, quite as kind, and nicer?
 Had he a "friend" *sub rosa*? No, Sir! Fie, Sir!

LXXVIII.

Then why neglect her? Having said he did,
 I will explain, as Brutus did his stab,—
 (Tho' by my neighbors I'm already chid
 For getting on so very like a crab)—
 Jules didn't call, as oft as he was bid,
 Because in Rome he didn't keep a cab—
 A fact that quite explains why friendships, marriages,
 And other ties depend on keeping carriages.

LXXIX.

Without a carriage men should have no card,
 Nor "owe a call" at all—except for love.
 And friends who need that you the "lean earth lard"
 To give their memories a pasteboard shove,
 On gentlemen a-foot bear rather hard!
 It's paying high for Broadway balls, by Jove!
 To walk next day half way to Massachuset
 And leave your name—on ladies that won't use it.

LXXX.

It really should be taught in infant schools
 That the majority means men, not dollars;
 And, therefore, that, to let the rich make rules,
 Is silly in "poor pretty little scholars."
 And this you see is *apropos* of Jules,
 Who call'd as frequently as richer callers
 While he'd a cab;—but courtesy's half horse—
 A secret, those who ride keep snug, of course.

LXXXI.

I say while he was Centaur, (horse and man,)
 Jules never did neglect the Lady Jane;
 And, at the start, it was my settled plan,
 (Tho' I've lost sight of it, I see with pain,)
 To shew how moderate attentions can,
 If once she love, a woman's heart retain.
 True love is weak and humble, tho' so brittle;
 And asks, 'tis wonderful how very little!

LXXXII.

For instance—Jules's every day routine
 Was, breakfast at his lodgings, rather early;
 A short walk in the nearest Park, the Green;
 (Where address'd, he was extremely surly;)
 Five minutes at the club, perhaps fifteen;
 Then giving his fine silk moustache a curl, he
 Stepp'd in his cab and drove to Belgrave Square,
 Where he walk'd in, with quite a household air.

LXXXIII.

And here he pass'd an hour—or two, or three—
 Just as it serv'd his purpose or his whim;
 And sweeter haunt on earth could scarcely be
 Than that still boudoir, rose-lit, scented, dim—
 Its mistress, elsewhere all simplicity,
 Dress'd ever sumptuously *there*—for him!
 With all that taste could mould, or gold could buy,
 Pampering fondly his reluctant eye.

LXXXIV.

And on the silken cushions at her feet
 He daily dream'd these morning hours away,
 Troubling himself but little to be sweet.
 Poets are fond of reverie, they say,
 But not with ladies whom they rarely meet.
 And, if you love one madam, (as you may!)
 And wish his wings to pin as with a skewer,
 Be careful of all manner of *toujours*!

LXXXV.

"*Toujours perdrix*," snipe, woodcock, trout and rabbit
 Offends the simplest palate, it appears,
 And, (if a secret, I'm dispos'd to blab it),
 It's much the same with smiles, sighs, quarrels, tears,
 The fancy mortally abhors a *habitat*!
 (Not that which Seraphina's bust inspheres!)
 E'en one-tuned music-boxes breed satiety,
 Unless you keep of them a great variety.

LXXXVI.

Daily to Jules the sun rose in the East
 And brought new milk and morning paper daily;
 The "yield" of both the Editor and beast
 Great mysteries, unsolv'd by Brown or Paley;
 But Jules—not plagued about it in the least—
 Read his gazette, and drank his tea quite gaily;
 And Lady Jane's fond love and cloudless brow
 Grew to be like the Editor and cow.

LXXXVII.

I see you understand it. One may dash on
 A color here—stroke there—and lo! the story!
 And, speaking morally, this outline fashion
 Befits a world so cramm'd yet transitory.
 I've sketch'd for you a deep and tranquil passion
 Kindled while nursing up a bard for glory;
 And, having whisk'd you for that end to London,
 Let's back to Italy, and see it undone.

LXXXVIII.

Fair were the frescos of Rospigliosi—
 Bright the Italian sunshine on the wall—
 The day delicious and the room quite cozy—
 And yet were there two bosoms full of gall!
 So lurks the thorn in paths long, soft and rosy!
 Jules was not one whom trifles could appal,
 But few things will make creep the lion's mane
 Like ladies in a miff who won't explain!

LXXXIX.

Now I have seen a hadji and a cad—
 Have sojourn'd among strangers, oft and long—
 Have known most sorts of women, fair and shady,
 And mingled in most kinds of mortal throng—
 But, in my life, I never saw a lady
 Who had, the least, the air of being wrong!
 The fact is, there's a nameless grace in evil
 We never caught—'twas *she* who saw the devil!

XC.

In pedigree of sin we're mere beginners—
 For what was Adam to the morning star?
 She would take precedence if sins were dinners,
 And hence that self-assured "*de haut en bas*!"
 So unattainable by men, as sinners.
 Of course, she plays the dev'l in a *fracas*—
 Frowns better, looks more innocent, talks faster,
 And argues like her grandmother's old master!

XCI.

And in proportion as the angel fades—
 As love departs—the crest of woman rises—
 Even in passion's softer, lighter shades,
 With aristocracy's well-bred disguises;
 For, with no tragic fury, no tirades,
 A lady looks a man into a crisis
 And, to most any animal carnivorous
 Before a belle agriev'd, the Lord deliver us!

XCII.

Jules had one thing particular to say,
 The morn I speak of, but, in fact, was there,
 With twenty times the mind to be away.
 Uncomfortable seemed the stuff'd arm-chair

In which the Earl would sometimes pass the day;
And there was something Roman in the air;
For every effort to express his errand
Ended in "um!"—as 'twere a Latin gerund.

XCIII.

He had receiv'd a little billet-doux
The night before—as plain as A B C—
(I mean, it would appear as plain to you,
Tho' very full of meaning you'll agree)—
Informing him that by advice quite new
The Earl was going now to try the sea;
And begging him to have his passport viséd
For Venice, by Bologna—if he pleased!

XCIV.

Smooth as a melody of Mother Goose's
The gentle missive elegantly ran—
A sort of note the writer don't care who sees,
For you may pick a flaw in't if you can—
But yet a stern *experimentum crucis*,
Quite in the style of Metternich, or Van,—
And meant, without more flummery or fuss,
Stay with your Marchionees, or come with us!

XCV.

Here was to be "a parting such as wrings
The blood from out young hearts"—for Jules would stay!
The bird she took unfledg'd had got its wings,
And, though its cage be gold, it must away!
But this, and similar high-color'd things,
Refinement makes it difficult to say
For, higher "high life" is, (this side an attic,)
The more it shrinks from all that looks dramatic.

XVI.

Hence, words grow cold as agony grows hot,
'Twixt those who see in ridicule a Hades;
And tho' the truth but coldly end the plot,
(There really is no pathos for you ladies!)
Jules cast the die with simply "I think not!"
And her few words were guarded as he made his;
For rank has one cold law of Moloch's making—
Death, before outcry, while the heart is breaking!

XCVII.

She could not tell that boy how hot the tear
That seem'd within her eyeball to have died—
She could not tell him her exalted sphere
Had not a hope his boyish love beside—
The grave of anguish is a human ear—
Hers lay unburied in a pall of pride!
And life, for her, thenceforth, was cold and lonely,
With her heart lock'd on that dumb sorrow only!

XCVIII.

Calm, in her "pride of place," moves Lady Jane—
Paler, but beautifully pale, and cold—
So cold, the gazer believes joy nor pain
Has o'er that pulse of marble ever roll'd.
She lov'd too late to dream of love again,
And rich, fair, noble, and alone, grows old!
A star, on which a spirit had alighted
Once, in all time, were like a life so blighted!

XCIX.

So, from the poet's woof was broke a thread
Which we have follow'd in its rosy weaving;
Yet merrily, still on, the shuttle sped.
Jules was not made of stuff to die of grieving;
But, that an angel from his path had fled
He was not long in mournfully believing.
And "angel watch and ward" had fled with her—
For, virtuously lov'd, tis hard to err!

C.

Poets are moths (or so some poet sings,
Or so some pleasant allegory goes,)
And Jules, at many a bright light burnt his wings.
His first chaste scorching the foregoing shows;
But, while one passion best in metre rings,
Another is best told in lucid prose.
As to the marchioness, I've half a plan, Sir!
To limn her in the quaint Spenserian stanza.

END.

To the reader of the Jonathan.

And now, dear reader! as a brick may be
A sample of a house—a bit of glass
Of a broad mirror—it has seem'd to me
These fragments for a tale may shift to pass.
I am a poet much cut up, pardie!
But "shorts" is poor "to running loose to grass."
Where there's a meadow to range freely over,
You pick to please you—timothy or clover.
Without the slightest hint at transmigration,
I wish hereafter we may meet in calf!
That you may read me with some variation—
This when you're moody—that when you would laugh.
In that case, I may swell this true narration,
And blow off here and there a speech of chaff.
I trust you think, that, were there more 'twere better, or
If *cetera desunt*, decent were the *cetera*!

P. S. I really had forgotten quite
To say to you, from Countess Pasibleu—
(Dying, 'tis thought, but quite too ill to write)—
Her Ladyship's best compliments to you,
And she's *toujours chez elle* on Friday night,
(Buckingham Crescent, May Fair, No. 2.)
This, (as her written missive would have said)
Always in case her Ladyship's not dead.

A BRACE OF DOGBERRIES.—A few days ago two county constables attended before the magistrates in Kendal, to have their accounts passed. The first of them had the following item:—"To layin a county Rat 4s." Said the second constable, "I was hev larned to spell before I'd a brought my buik before the magistrates. A county rat indeed! who, man, it should hev hed an e at latter end on't for sartain." The second now presented his "buik" to be passed, when the following extract appeared:—"To summonzing a kroo-ner's conquest!" "Noo," said the first constable, "whaes t' better speller noo? I think the grey meare is t' better horse!" The two Solons now left the court amidst loud laughter; the first with high delight at his victory, and the second with much chagrin at his officiousness.

THE NEW BISHOP OF JERUSALEM.—Seventeen or eighteen years ago his lordship was the officiating rabbi of a synagogue at Plymouth. He was baptised at Plymouth by the Rev. Mr. Hatchard, and received orders at the hands of the late Archbishop of Tuam, in the church of Ireland, a church claiming the purest apostolic descent untainted by popery. His lordship is of pure Hebrew descent, of the tribe of Judah; his lovely and most esteemed partner, Mrs. Alexander, is also of the purest Hebrew blood, and of the tribe of Levi, thus uniting in one the royal and the priestly tribes. Mrs. Alexander was baptised about a year after her husband. Their eldest boy, whose name is Michael, is a student in Christ's Hospital.

A FINE OLD FARMER OF THE OLDEN TIME.—During the late harvest Mr. W. Pusey who completed his 102d year in May last, worked in the parish of Pitminster, near Taunton, as a reaper, in company with four nephews, from two o'clock in the afternoon until seven in the evening, and reaped his labours on the following day. He also joined in the festivities of harvest home, sung a song there, and afterwards walked home in company with his wife, aged 80, to his residence. A large company assembled to witness the rare powers of this patriarch.

ALMOST UNANIMOUS.—The Indiana House of Representatives have passed a Law, by a vote of 86 to 10, abolishing Imprisonment for Debt in that State. Of course it still wants the action of the Senate, and may in that body be defeated.

From Frazer's Magazine.

ANOTHER CHAPTER ON THE DOGS

OF SEVERAL OF MY ACQUAINTANCES.]

MR. DELASTRO'S TOBY.

"Love me, love my dog."—Proverb.

It not unfrequently happens in this strange world, that the object we most ardently desire to possess turns out a bane rather than a benefit; and so it proved to be in the case of Mr. Delastro and his dog Toby, as the following recital will testify.

Mr. Delastro's ancestors were Spaniards, but there had been a sprinkle of Jewish blood in the family. Devoted to commerce for some generations, they were wealthy.

Mr. Delastro was a partner of the branch of the house, long established in London; and his share of the business produced him a handsome income, with an employment of a very trifling portion of his time.

Consequently, Mr. Delastro was always to be met in the most fashionable promenades, at the Opera, on the first night of every new play; and as he was ever extremely well dressed, and tolerably good-looking (though with a dash of Jew in the outline of his face,) mothers of families wherein daughters preponderated did not view him with an unfavorable eye.

Mr. Delastro had a maiden aunt, Miss Isabel Mendizabel. This lady was considerably past a certain age; and, notwithstanding she possessed every apparent comfort which an elderly single lady might be supposed to want—such as a one-horse close carriage, steady servants, numerous invitations to friendly rubbers, a first-rate dentist, gold fish in globes, and a good balance at her banker's,—notwithstanding these desirable articles, she was dissatisfied, restless,—in fact, unhappy.

We should now speak of Toby, for he was the property of Miss Mendizabel for some time; she had purchased him of a ragged-looking man in Regent street, who was an itinerant dog-dealer,—some went so far as to say "stealer." Certainly, if a stray little dog took his fancy, he would immediately pluck the animal up under his arm, and then give him three or four good blows with the palm of his hand; this beating answered two purposes, as, if any passer-by accidentally saw the man pick up the dog, he concluded that it must be his own, by his taking the liberty to thump it—and, secondly, the aforesaid blows prevented any attempt of the animal either to bite or to struggle, and it permitted itself quietly, but mournfully, to be carried away.

Toby was one of those dazzling white, soft, frizzly-haired poodles, small of size, but symmetrically formed; with piercing, cunning, dark eyes peeping through the woolly eyelids. The upper part of his body was apparently clothed in a white spencer, while the hinder part was shaved and trimmed, and exhibited its natural color, a delicate pink, fleshy hue, save where certain tips and knots were designedly left; and at the termination of his tail there was a something in shape between a shaving brush and a powder-puff.

Toby was to all appearance an affectionate and engaging animal; but this story will prove that he was "a deceitful dog," "a shocking little dog!"

To return to Miss Isabel Mendizabel; all of a sudden she disclosed to her friends her determination to go abroad. The dog Toby was presented to Mr. Delastro. "Thereby hangs a tail." Mr. Delastro was fond of Toby, and had often wished to possess him; and Toby was equally fond of running away with Mr. Delastro's gloves or cane, although he was a very genteel-looking dog.

Some months passed, subsequent to the old lady's departure for Spain, before the highly-cherished gift to her nephew became the originator of the most serious annoyance to him. But we must not anticipate.

Mr. Delastro was intimate at the house of a family residing in the Regent's Park, and a frequent visitor. Toby was a prodigious favorite with the ladies, and often accompanied his master in the morning calls at Mrs. Pettington's. Mr. Delastro remarked that in going up Portland Place, a very shabby, ill-looking fellow, who had a small terrier, or Marlborough spaniel, in leading-strings, and one or two fussy puppies in his hands for sale, was on object of great interest to Toby, although the man never seemed to notice the dog. But repeatedly, when Delastro came from the house in the Regent's Park, this fellow was loitering about.

Miss Annabella Pettington was a showy and accomplished girl; and Delastro began to think that he was enamored of her. Mrs. Pettington, with the vigilant eye of a mother, observed several little peculiar attentions which Mr. Delastro had betrayed, and her heart beat high with hope at an event which might occur; for she had Delastro's ample income in her mind's eye, and would form no objection to such a son-in-law.

Mr. Delastro had a flexible tenor voice, and sang with taste,—a valuable accomplishment for a young gentleman who is desirous to be on good terms with the ladies.

A bass voice never has half the effect of a tenor in exciting the soft emotions of the female heart. To be sure, the words of a song may have somewhat to do with it; and it is very rare to hear a love-ballad composed for a bass singer. Mr. Delastro's warbling deeply impressed Miss Annabella Pettington.

"Anon through every pulse the music stole,
And held sublime communion with the soul,
Wrung from the coyest breast the imprison'd sigh,
And kindled rapture in the coldest eye."

MONTGOMERY.

In an inlaid ornamental tray on the work-table, amongst some small specimens of porcelain, Mrs. Pettington had deposited her keys, and a purse containing three sovereigns, a half sovereign, and four gold East Indian coins, which were used as whist-counters.

Toby, being a very playful animal, and remarkably neat and clean in his person, had the privilege of jumping on the sofas and chairs.

The family were this day disposed of in the following manner:—Mr. Pettington had driven his cabriolet down to the public office in which he was employed; wherein, for a salary of £1000 per annum, he arduously devoted his precious time, from twelve o'clock until half-past five daily. The three younger Misses Pettington were walking in one of the inclosed gardens in the Regent's Park with their governess, who carried Fenwick de Porquet's *Clef du Trésor de l'Ecolier Français* in her hand, whereby the young ladies obtained *exercice*, both mental and bodily; at the same time, she had also Walker's *Pronouncing Dictionary* to aid them.

Miss Annabella Pettington was very tastefully attired, and turning over a musical album, seated in a picturesque attitude, with her face partially turned towards the piano. Mr. Delastro was, in his most fascinating manner, describing the intricate plot of the new ballet at the Opera of the preceding evening, and occasionally glancing at and admiring the graceful ringlets that adorned the neck of his enchantress. Mrs. Pettington had quitted the room to consult with the housekeeper respecting dinner, but in reality to enable the young lady and gentleman to converse on *any* subject in a more free and confidential manner; and whilst they were employed in this very interesting occupation, Toby was amusing himself, now snapping at a fly, now giving a bark, as he observed his figure reflected in a glass that reached to the carpet; then he was mounted on a chair, and then he was quietly seated on the table, but with a restless eye watching an opportunity to obtain a prize. He panted, he lolled his tongue out, he furtively glanced at Delastro, he silently seized something in his mouth, leapt gently down, and sneaked under a sofa.

As it is held a maxim in these latter and improving days that education is a most important affair with all ranks and classes, we must now state that Toby had received an EDUCATION—indeed, a sort of Spartan course of instruction, wherein the art of *stealing* was not considered objectionable. Toby was one of the most accomplished pupils that Mr. Barabas Scraggs (the dog-stealer before mentioned) had ever turned out.

Indeed, the pupil was a little fortune to the instructor, who had only cautiously to watch the motions of his canine profieient (who was as cunning as himself), to turn down a court, or a mews, when Toby would follow him, and deliver to Mr. Scraggs whatever article he had concealed in his mouth, and for which he was immediately rewarded with a small slice of cheese, a relish of which Toby was excessively fond. So, on this day, when Mr. Delastro took his departure from the house in Regent's Park, Scraggs was at a little distance. Delastro passed without seeing him, and Toby followed Mr. Delastro; when on a sudden he stopped, turned back, and ran into a passage that leads into Albany Street; where he delivered to Scraggs a purse (rather wet, to be sure,) but containing three sovereigns, a half-sovereign, and four gold coins. He was then treated with a bit of "single Gloucester" from the waistcoat pocket of Mr. Scraggs, which he devoured greedily; but hearing the whistle of Mr. Delastro, and observing a signal from his preceptor which very much resembled the preparations for a kick, he ran off as fast as he could put his legs to the ground, after Mr. Delastro.

In about an hour after the purse was missed by Mrs. Pettington, and search was made everywhere. The servants were interrogated, suspected. Mrs. Pettington did not care so much about the three sovereigns and a half as she did for the four gold East Indian pieces, which had been the gift of her brother, Major Doddy, of the Hon. Company's service, and who was very shortly expected home.

This loss made master, mistress, footman, butler, and valet (the three latter centering in one individual)—ladies' maid, housemaid, cook, and even the governess extremely unhappy.

Mr. Delastro continued his visits, and had aspired to great progress in the sympathies of Annabella Pettington.

Mr. Pettington had made his daughter a little present on her birthday—a silver filagree-worked card-case, of a tasteful, antique pattern. Annabella had been calling on a friend with her mamma, and on her return home she placed the card-case on the table; shortly afterwards Mr. Delastro was announced, and he entered the drawing-room with Toby, who was received with the usual caresses.

Mr. Delastro had brought the pathetic little duetto from *La Gazza Ladra*, "E ben per mia memoria;" and in the course of the visit, he begged of Miss Pettington to sing it with him. She graciously assented; and while the young couple were thus employed, Toby played his part as a *ladro*, and secured secretly to himself the silver filagree-worked card case.

On that morning, however, Barabas Scraggs was not in attendance in the street, in consequence of a polite invitation he had received from the Marlborough Street police magistrates, to wait upon them and explain how a certain Marlborough spaniel which had been stolen had come into his possession.

In a candid and straightforward manner, he asserted that the spaniel had followed him home, and that he had merely taken care of the animal, as it was a beauty, until its owner should advertise for it; that he was quite ready to give the dog up to any claimant who would describe its marks. The magistrate, penetrated with the integrity of Mr. Scraggs, declined detaining him; but gave him, kindly, a word of caution, which implied that Mr. Scraggs should not venture to appear again within the precincts of the Marlborough Street Office.

A policeman, at the worthy magistrate's suggestion, merely accompanied Scraggs to his residence, to see that the spaniel was delivered to its right owner. Consequently, Toby had no opportunity of earning his "cheese;" so carefully carried the silver card-case within his mouth, to Mr. Delastro's chambers in the Albany, where he concealed it under a *chiffonier*.

Presently, the new loss was discovered at Mr. Pettington's: strict search was made, fresh suspicions excited. The servants' boxes were ransacked, of their own free request; the dusthole was scrutinised. The housemaid gave warning with great indignation; and the butler, &c., &c., before mentioned, talked of quitting service, and taking an hotel. Within the next month the following articles were missing: a small gold chain and seals, belonging to an ornamental ink-stand; a mother-of-pearl bodkin-case; a little French watch; and, more extraordinary than all Mrs. Pettington's bunch of keys!

This last blow drove everybody in the house wild; every lock had to be picked, or destroyed, for there was no wine open for dinner, no plate; the drawer wherein the *ivories* for the opera that evening were deposited was fast; the wardrobes containing the dresses of the ladies, *cum multis aliis*, were not to be got at: for be sure that Mrs. Pettington, after the repeated losses, was very careful to keep every thing under lock and key; and now the keys themselves had most mysteriously vanished.

In the midst of this bustle Major Doddy arrived from Calcutta.

Major Doddy had been twenty years in India; he went thither a plump, fresh-colored young man; he returned with his muscles as dry as a chip, his hair growing stiff, but straggling; his bile had perforated every duct and vessel that led to his skin and eyes; and his nose was of a bad brickdust color.

Major Doddy went from his native land a cheerful, good-tempered young fellow; Major Doddy returned from that mart of wealth, false pretension, slavery, and ignorance, a prejudiced man, very dictatorial, and particularly disagreeable. But how could it be otherwise with a gentleman whose hepatic duct was out of repair? The liver is an *organ* very difficult to be played on. Inquire of Magendie or Doctor James Copeland.

The major, from his first introduction, took an antipathy to Mr. Delastro—for he had, in the days of sowing his wild oats, suffered rather smartly by bill-discounting with gentlemen of the Hebrew persuasion; and he never could afterwards credit that a Jew could possibly be an honest man. Moreover, Major Doddy required a great deal of attention, and expected after his long absence to be exclusively petted by the Pettingtons; but he found the house exceedingly divided between himself and Delastro, who had the majority in his favor, although he was not a major.

The major listened rather impatiently to all the details of petty robbery that had been going on, probably because he had, during his career in the East, been accustomed to deal in the wholesale way; and he once or twice related a tale as to the manner he was robbed in his tent of nearly every article, although he was sitting up in his bed with a loaded gun, aiming at the dingy depredator's head.

The major had sat late smoking and drinking Hodson's pale, and brandy-and-water as cold as he could get it. He had dismissed his servants; thought of his liver; his promotion; death vacancies; England; the Governor-General; an unopened packet of preserved salmon, hermetically sealed, that day received, and to be eaten the next. He undressed, and went to bed, with a rifle loaded by his side. It was a fine moonlight night, and the major, restless, thought he perceived something bobbing up and down above the wooden fence which surrounded the tent; so he carefully reached his gun, and pointing it towards the object, which he now plainly saw was a black fellow's head in a turban, or skull-cap, endeavored to take a sure aim in case of necessity. Notwithstanding this military caution, in the morning Major Doddy found himself deficient of a pair of boots, a sash, a foraging cap, a sword and belt, his trousers, the tin case of preserved salmon, a box of cigars, a telescope, a back-gammon-board, his snuff-box, and a chintz morning-gown.

The main difficulty that pervaded the mind of Major Doddy was to ascertain how all this robbery could possibly be effected while he was wide awake, "armed and well prepared;" but the major was not aware that these pariah dogs hunted in couples.

And during the whole period that one of them was occupying the attention of the gallant officer, by making his turbaned head an uncertain aim, and exhibiting his flashing eyes and white teeth, his comrade had, like a serpent, crept under the tent on the opposite side, after having silently loosened the pegs, and appropriated as booty the above-mentioned articles, one by one, which he crawled off with, and threw over the fence.—These adroit thieves found no difficulty now in making off.

Doddy could never comprehend the affair. He put it down to the score of Indian juggling which is certainly the most wonderful in the world.

One day, when he was taking a walk with Mr. Pettington, he was asked by the latter, as they were in the neighborhood of the Albany, to call with him on Mr. Delastro. It was an unlucky morning; for Major Doddy had heard so much of the frequent losses at his sister-in-law's house, that he had carefully written out the items of the stolen property,—"the gold pieces, the purse, the watch, and the silver flagree card-case, &c., &c., &c."

They knocked at Mr. Delastro's chambers; but were at first denied by his valet (a cheap raw tiger, a novice, who was not up to letting off a lie without winking his eyes),—for the stripling positively blushed as he affirmed his master was not at home.

As the major and Mr. Pettington were going away, Delastro, who was

at his toilette, overheard them; and, really vexed that he should be invisible at the testy Doddy's first call, instantly ordered the valet to scamper after the gentleman, to beg them to return, and to say that he was shaving. As they went back, Major Doddy muttered, "In my young days, when Jews shaved, they shaved close." Mr. Pettington made no reply to this witticism, and they re-entered the chambers. The tiger still blushing like a red lion (*lie-on*), apologised, and said his master would have the pleasure to be with them in a few minutes.

The major scanned the furniture, the books, the carpet; in investigating which something brightly shining attracted his eye under the foot of the *chiffonier*. He walked across the room, and with his hooked cane he dragged the object out—a silver flagree cardcase. "What!" said he, "is Mr. Delastro so careless about his knick-knacks as to leave them kicking on the floor?" When Mr. Pettington saw the well-known cardcase, on which were inscribed the initials of "A. P., the gift of her father," he turned pale; then recovering himself, he exclaimed, "Perhaps the foolish girl has presented Delastro with it." A very ominous grunt issued from the chest of the major. "Why do you do that?" said Pettington. "Oh, nothing," replied Doddy. "May be Annabella presented him with my gold mohurs, the sovereigns, the French watch, and my sister's keys." Mr. Pettington was embarrassed, and begged of the major to discontinue any remark on the subject until he himself had spoken to his daughter. Delastro entered, remarkably trim about the chin, and odorous of French perfumes; but he presently noticed the constrained manner of Mr. Pettington, and the strange brevity of the major's replies, which he thought almost amounted to positive rudeness. He, however, attributed all this to his visitors having been sent away from his door.—He made several unsuccessful attempts to lead them into a sprightly conversation; Mr. Pettington was silent, and the major grunted like an Indian wild hog.

After a perplexing visit, which was uncomfortable and unsatisfactory on all sides, Mr. Pettington and the major took their leave. Delastro parted with the latter with a feeling that he should have been delighted to have kicked him across the Green Park.

Mr. Pettington hastened home, and held a cabinet council with his wife, who would not give credence to a word he uttered, until he produced the silver card-case in corroboration. It was then agreed, that as females are the most adroit in unravelling, Mrs. Pettington should endeavor to discover if Annabella had given the trifle in question to Delastro. So the lady beat about the bush very cautiously; and to her infinite astonishment, fully ascertained that her daughter had not so disposed of the card-case. Mr. Pettington was very much distressed at the affair.

Major Doddy now entered the room with an air which seemed to say, "I am convinced of the fact; and he produced *The Times* newspaper, in which amongst the police-reports, was an account that Handley, the active officer of the Italian Opera House, had, in consequence of various robberies having been recently committed in the crush-room, apprehended a foreign count (then well known in the fashionable circles); and, to the count's infinite horror, Handley insisted on searching him. The count endeavored to carry it off with a very high hand, but the police officer was firm and determined; and when the investigation took place, several snuff-boxes and diamond-pins were found on the person of this illustrious foreigner, who was sent to trial, but acquitted on account of monomania; a very convenient disorder for a rich man, but which a poor, paltry thief would never be permitted to plead as an excuse for his crime.

Now Major Doddy insisted that Mr. Delastro was afflicted with this disease of the mind; and nothing would convince him but that all the other articles were in possession of Delastro, and that a search-warrant should be procured, and the chambers in the Albany ransacked.

Mr. Pettington objected to any precipitate measure, and said, "That if it unfortunately appeared that Mr. Delastro was suffering under a malady in which the mind is occupied by some illusion or erroneous conviction—"

He was here interrupted by Doddy, who exclaimed, "The conviction would not be erroneous!"

"Hear me," said Pettington: "and while the individual still retains the power of reasoning correctly on matters unconnected with the subject of his delusion, such a monomania was not a crime, but a great misfortune."

"But surely," remarked the major, "you would not admit a lunatic into your family?"

"Heaven forbid!" cried Mrs. Pettington, turning pale.

"If the gentleman," resumed Doddy, "only believed that his elbows were not his own, or that he was present at the siege of Troy, or that his nose was a sausage, there would not be so much harm; but when a gentleman cannot resist picking pockets, or laying his hands on all portable articles, which must one day or other bring him to the Central Criminal Court, why, is he a fit object for a son-in-law?"

Mrs. Pettington was about to reply, when the footman announced Mr. Delastro, who entered, followed by Toby. Annabella was not present during the foregoing dialogue. Delastro glanced round for his ladylove with an anxious eye; this was immediately interpreted by the major into "Looking for something to steal," and he buttoned up his pantaloons pockets. Delastro then addressed himself to Mrs. Pettington, who received him very coldly, and only gave him the tips of her fingers. Delastro seated himself at the circular table, and asked, by way of opening a conversation, if they knew the results of the grand day at Ascot.

Major Doddy remarked, "That a number of the light-fingered genry

were on the course." Delastro did not reply to this, but gave a short description of the first day's sport, during which he unconsciously lifted a cut-glass ink-holder from the stand. He was utterly surprised that Mrs. Pettington should rise, take the glass from his hand, replace it in the silver standish, and carry that to another table. He thought it very odd; and the unusual brief replies he received rendered the conduct of his friends the more remarkable. He got up, walked to the window that faced the Park, and, as the sun shone brightly into the room, he laid hold of the tassel, and was about to pull the blind down, when, to his astonishment, Major Doddy stepped up and took the tassel out of his hand, and drew the blind down himself, keeping the tassel in his own possession. Delastro crossing to another part of the room, the major followed, and seated himself opposite to him. Doddy then felt in his own waistcoat pocket to ascertain that his favorite snuff-box was safe, for which purpose he put his hand into the breast of his braided frock-coat. In a nervous twiddling for the box, he unknowingly jerked out a small gold pencil-case from the waistcoat-pocket, but which remained inside his coat. Soon afterwards, as he was anxiously watching Delastro's movements, he unbuttoned the frock-coat, and the pencil case slid silently down on the hearth-rug, unperceived by a living being, Toby excepted, who was pretending to be asleep under the major's chair, and that ingenious and industrious animal immediately engulfed the said pencil-case in his mouth.

Delastro was much annoyed at his unaccustomed reception, but asked Mrs. Pettington where her daughter was. The mamma, lying most deliberately, said that Annabella had gone to spend the day with her aunt, in Montague Square. Miss Annabella had been told to remain in her own room by Mrs. Pettington; at which mandate she was, as Mrs. Malaprop would say, "putrified with astonishment!"

Poor Delastro looked at the piano-forte, on which was placed the duet from *La Gazza Ladra*, sighed, and made up his mind to take his leave; but the major looked at him in a way that seemed to say, "You sha'n't take any thing else!"

Having bowed himself out, wondering at the embarrassment of Mr. and Mrs. Pettington, (both of whom bade Toby "good-by" most affectionately, and which was replied to by that "honest little dog" by the glistening of his eyes, for he did not open his mouth), Delastro wandered homewards full of painful conjecture. What had he done to displease? He had noticed another oddity of Major Doddy's, who was a man who hitherto would have never quitted the sofa on the departure of a visitor; but now the major hobbled down the staircase after him, and cast a watchful glance at the umbrellas, cloaks, capes, and great-coats in the hall. What could it all portend?

Now Miss Annabella began to wonder what could possibly have happened, and it was in vain that she asked her mamma for an explanation; which, of course, was impracticable on the part of Mrs. Pettington. This brought on sobs and hysterics, violent headache, a visit from the family medical adviser, and the mixture to be taken at bed-time. Oh, Toby, Toby! you have much to answer for! You ought to be punished, Toby—ticked!

The major, after due deliberate thought, remarked to Mr. Pettington, "You saw him finger that instand?" Mr. Pettington sighed. "You observed how he tried to pinch off the tassel of the blind—such a paltry thing as that! I noticed that he watched the lump of sugar that was stuck between the bars of the canary-bird's cage—he wanted it! What a miserable depredator to steal from a bird in confinement, and who could not proclaim its loss!"

And then the major determined to look again at *The Times*, and to copy the name of the police-officer of the Italian Opera House. He had his pocket-book before him, and felt in his waistcoat-pocket for his gold pencil-case.

But Doddy felt in every pocket he had, he looked about, he turned up the cushions of the easy-chair;—the gold pencil-case had vanished, and the major had not the slightest doubt but that it had followed in the same direction with the other lost articles.

Doddy was not a man to be foiled: he had been employed in negotiations with petty Hindoo chiefs: he had been in contact with the meanest but most cunning of mankind. He determined at once to go to Albany, and he set off without naming his intentions to Mr. Pettington.

When he arrived, the bashful tiger stated that Mr. Delastro was not at home; the major gave him a look that would have penetrated a mill-stone. The major would not go in, but determined to loiter about the neighborhood until Delastro should return. So he amused himself by wandering in the Burlington Arcade, and stood at the corner of Sackville Street, looking at the H.B. caricatures; when a professional young gentleman, perceiving the corner of a gay Indian silk handkerchief peeping out of the edge of the major's pocket, and being desirous to see the whole of the pattern, he whipped out Doddy's *mouchoir* with artist-like dexterity, and walked away unperceived with it. Presently the major saw Delastro and Toby cross Piccadilly from the church side, and enter the Albany. And now the major having fairly seen his man in, prepared to pounce on him like a panther on its prey.

He was announced, much to the surprise of Delastro, and entered the room in so dogged a manner that Toby retreated from him, and shortly left the apartment to go to the kitchen for his dinner. The major commenced:—

"Doubtless, Mr. Decastro——"

"My name is Delastro," interrupted the other.

"You, doubtless, sir, are in surprise that I should call on you imma-

diately after our interview this day, but there is a point on which I must and will be satisfied."

"I am perfectly ready to satisfy you on any point, sir," said Delastro, rather proudly.

"I am happy to hear you say so, Mr. Deplastro," replied the major.

"My name is Delastro, Major Doddy."

The major fixed his eye on him, and continued:—

"I am aware of your malady, probably you cannot restrain yourself, so therefore you had better at once own all to me!"

Delastro, astonished, said, "Malady! I never was better in all my life!"

"Do you mean to say, sir," asked the major, "that you have not taken any thing?"

Delastro answered, that, as he was perfectly well, there was not any necessity for his taking any thing! The major thought that this was sheer, cool impudence, and began to lose his own temper.

"I am surprised at your conduct, Mr. Deblastro!"

"Delastro, sir, is my name."

"Well, sir, will you have the goodness to tell me what you have done with four gold mohurs, three sovereigns and a half, a filagree silver card-case, a gold chain and seals, a mother-of-pearl bodkin-case, a little French watch, and my sister-in-law's bunch of keys?"

"My good sir," replied Delastro, "you must be laboring under a delusion!"

"That is the very thing of which I accuse you, Mr. Denastro!"

"My name is Delastro, sir."

"And more than that, sir, I think I could add to the list of articles that you have at different times purloined from Mr. Pettington's house,—a gold pencil-case, my property!"

"How dare you insinuate so unwarrantable an accusation, Major Doddy?"

"For a sufficient reason," said the major. "The last time I was in this room, I picked up the silver filagree card-case belonging to Miss Annabella from your carpet!"

"It is impossible, sir!" answered Delastro; who now felt convinced that the East Indian sun had scorched old Doddy's brains.

And here, just at the moment, as fate would have it, the major's eye rested on his own gold pencil-case on the carpet, which the accursed Toby had dropped, unperceived, from his mouth before he quitted the room. The major pointed to it triumphantly, and exclaimed, "Now you are convicted! yonder is my pencil-case, to which I will make an affidavit!"

Delastro indignantly replied, "Confound you and your pencil-case too!" But turning his head in the direction to which Doddy pointed his finger-post, there was the gold pencil-case, sure enough; and Delastro certainly became somewhat embarrassed and bewildered. And here, as the major had made himself rather warm with the unusual excitement he had undergone, he felt for his pocket-handkerchief to wipe his forehead.

He tried one pocket, and then the other, looked round him, peeped into his hat, and turning to Delastro with a suspicious glance, said, "And with the other things you had better return the bandana silk handkerchief at the same time!"

Delastro, although pitying that which he imagined to be a bereavement of intellect in the major, could not quite endure the direct insinuation that he was a thief: he, therefore, requested Doddy to quit his apartments; and, as he considered himself to have been very grossly insulted, he intimated that the major would hear from him the moment he could submit the case to a friend.

Major Doddy contemptuously replied that he never had been in the habit of going out with "Petty Larceny!"

Had Doddy been a younger man, he certainly would have been knocked down. But he pocketed his pencil-case; and, after looking again round the room for his silk handkerchief, he abruptly quitted Delastro's chambers.

The major returned and informed the Pettingtons of his new discovery, and applauded his own sagacity, although he was thoroughly convinced that Delastro had contrived somehow or other to purloin his handkerchief. It was evident that there could not be any mistake about the unfortunate affair now; and Mr. Pettington sat down to write a letter to Mr. Delastro, to beg that he would not trouble himself to visit his family again, until a matter should be cleared up which had caused great uneasiness in them all.

And now Major Doddy thought he would go to the fountain-head, and have the case closely investigated; and, as Handley, the police officer, had made the discovery in the instance of the foreign count, that he would be the proper person to employ. The major accordingly sought him, gave him an exact description of the stolen articles; and, without actually committing the character of Delastro, put the officer on the scent. In a few days Handley called on Major Doddy, and told him that he had traced nearly all the stolen property, the sovereigns excepted.

In the meantime Delastro had written to Mr. Pettington without receiving any reply. Then, not being able any longer to bear against the insulting remarks of the major, he commissioned a friend to call on Doddy, and demand satisfaction.

Major Doddy's remarks were so gross against Delastro, that the friend had very great difficulty in refraining from administering personal chastisement. Doddy undertook to exchange shots with him, if he was a gentleman.

This brought another friend from Delastro's friend; the major named

Mr. Pettington as his second, and the whole affair began to wear a very serious aspect; only that Mrs. Pettington, who had all her woman's wits about her, listened through the keyhole, heard the arrangement, and took the precaution herself to go to the police-office, had a private interview with the magistrate, and the whole party were ordered to find bail to a large amount to keep the peace towards each other; and it was an odd coincidence that Handley was the officer who was employed by the magistrate to prevent the hostile meeting.

We now come to our *denouement*.

SCENE THE LAST. *Police Office.*

Magistrates discovered seated.

Major Doddy, Mr. Delastro, Mr. Pettington, and two other gentlemen being bound over.

At the bar an ill-looking rascal, one Barabas Scraggs, in custody, for being in the possession of various articles he could not account for.

Toby had followed Delastro into the office.

Handley deposed that he had long known the prisoner as a dog-stealer and a receiver of stolen goods. Several pawnbrokers were in attendance, who produced Mrs. Pettington's French watch, the chain and seals, the bodkin-case, &c. &c. &c., all of which had been pledged by the prisoner.

In reply to an inquiry by the magistrate as to the mode that Scraggs obtained these articles, as it appeared he never was seen inside a house, Handley, who had observed very carefully, replied that, from that which he had been an eye-witness, the prisoner had a highly trained dog, who had been taught to carry any thing it could pick up secretly away in its mouth.

At this moment the evil genius of Mr. Barabas Scraggs prevailed, for Toby had jumped on a bench, from which he made his way to the front of the bar on which his tutor was leaning; and there he remained with his glistening eyes fixed on Barabas, and wagging his powder-puff of a tail.

Amongst the articles produced were a ring and a smelling-bottle, which Mr. Delastro identified as belonging to his aunt Isabel. He was also astonished to discover a silver knife and a gold-set eye-glass of his own, that he had unaccountably missed.

We have little more to relate. Mr. Delastro's character was cleared. Mr. Barabas Scraggs was *blown*, and he was subsequently sent abroad to look after the Australian dogs. Major Doddy apologised and explained until every body was tired of listening to him. Miss Annabella Pettington in a few months became Mrs. Delastro; but prior to which, he got rid of his Toby, who really was "a dangerous dog." He was sent into the country, and finally fell into the possession of a travelling showman, who, with a little alteration to his person, and a false tail and mane, exhibited him as A YOUNG WHITE LION!

LEAVES FROM A TABLE-BOOK.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

"Ope on his table lay a large-leav'd tome
Like astrologic chart, bedight with blots;
And here are caught the bubbles which up-come—
Vagaries, fancies, hearsays and what-nots.
For all that haps of note in this he jots,
And often writes for lack of friends to list—
For, willing sleeps the ear, but loth the tongue, I wist."

"I have forgotten more than you ever knew!" said somebody to somebody, and that rather conceited retort expresses the proper eulogy of *diaries*. Most people have made attempts at keeping one. My own experience at it began, like every body's else, with a red morocco volume of a very ornate slenderness and thinness, in which I recorded my raptures at spring mornings and blue sashes, my unappreciated sensibilities, my mysterious emotions by moonlight, and the charms of the incognita whom I ran against at the corner. This precious record shared in the final and glorious conflagration of Latin themes, grammars, graduses and old shirts, on leaving academy for college, and after a sentiment-despising interval of two or three years, I sunk some pocket money once more in a blank book, on reading Wilson's "Noctes." Celestial nights I thought we had of it, at old black Stanley's forbidden oyster-house, in New Haven, and, it struck me, it was robbery of posterity—no less!—not to record the brilliant efflorescence of our conviviality. Regularly on reaching my chambers, (or as soon after morning prayers as my head became pellucid,) I attempted to reduce to dialogue the wit of our "Christopher North," "Shepherd," and "Tickler"—but alas! it became what may be called "productive labor." Either my memory did not serve me, or wit, (I shouldn't be surprized!) reads cold by repentant daylight. It was heavy work—as reluctant as a college exercise, and after using up for segar-lighters the short-lived "Noctes," I devoted the remainder of the book to outlines of the antique—(that is to say of old shoes)—my passion just then, being a collection of French slippers from the prettiest pet in the known world—"known" to me.) This relic survives, having fallen into the hands of a callow younger brother, and it would be, I could imagine, not unamusing, to sundry dames now "fat, fair and" indefinite, to receive a copy, cut in white paper from the outline of their virgin slipper, and lay, in affecting and monitory comparison, within (somewhere within) the comfortable shoe of maternity.

My next experiment was in one of the cadaverous, parchment bound blank-books of Florence, and was begun with the unambitious design of recording simply the subjects of pictures and statuary, artist's names—a

road-book, in short—and by this, I know, looking it over now, after several years' oblivion, how strangely we forget—how faintly even the most remarkable events and spectacles impress us, (not touching us personally)—how few people, even those we thought much of seeing, and mourned at diverging from, in travel, are remembered, countenance or conversation! Heigho! "the wallet at Time's back!" This journal, however, grew into a three-volume business, and it suffices, now, for ships and diligence, if, at any dull hour I would transport myself once more to Italy. Yet, else, that country were vaguely, most vaguely remembered!—pictures by the dozen, delicious pictures, were lost—pleasant people, dinners, considered at the time epochs of pleasure, wayside glimpses of beauty, of affecting distress, of the dramatic of real life—all these salient points of past life, but for a chance-begun and carelessly kept diary, were faded and gone now. The loss of it would be, to all purposes, the same thing as the falling away of memory. Yet Italy, sweet land of "*poco far*," is the only land for journalizing in travel. In England Napoleon's half-dozen secretaries for dictation, could hardly keep pace with the current. Life, there, is too fast, as in France it is too merely sensual, to put on paper. See what it supplies—the great mass of the novelist press! Bulwer and D'Israeli, Mrs. Gore and Mrs. Hall, and all the thousand writers for magazines and weeklies, do little except convert London-life into language. Live six months in literary and gay circles in England, and in Colburn's spring batch of novels you may read over all the good things you laughed at, at dinners and breakfasts, and, *tres bien rechauffe*, all the racy scandal and memorable occurrences you would have recorded in your journal,—see all your acquaintances of note grouped as you meant to remember them, and, ten to one, yourself hit off into the bargain. Small use in a diary, then, unless you mean to make hard work of it, or make something more of it, and the latter is so much better done by practised hands, that you, very likely, lose your labor.

Of all places on earth, the country was the last place I should have predicted for a resumption of a diary. But country life, in many particulars, is not what it is pictured. It is a life much fuller of things worthy of record; for you have a new acquaintance—Nature—whose *memorabilia* are endless, and who furnishes you more "straw" for your "bricks" than all the lions of the metropolis. Besides, you have a new use for your diary—you want it to talk to. Intercourse with Mother Earth is prolific. She "breeds maggots in the brain" before she lies with us in our coffins. Fame is a strange mockery—parody—similitude—what shall I call it?—of human nature in vegetable nature. But this would lead me miles away, and I am talking of diaries. You need your diary, I say, in the country, for you have that to express which is irrelevant to the current of familiar conversation. A blank book, fortunately, requires no apology for abruptness in the subject. You need not preface with "by your leave" or blush at the indistinctness of your "by the way" or "that reminds me." Ease, in common intercourse, most people are aware, depends on letting the tongue run the gauntlet of association—*apropos* of pins or needles—*apropos* of a sudden death or a cow gone dry—*apropos* of the President's *veto* or the cook's greasing the soup-ladle—*louis-jours apropos*. Be as intellectual "as be-hanged," there is nothing more stupid in a cottage than people always "talking fine," always discouraging—however agreeable it may be in bigger houses. Good-humored nonsense is as essential a part of companionship as water of punch, and if the sense is of the proportion of starch in a shirt, it requires some tumbling before it is comfortable. Now grave thoughts will intrude "in the best regulated families." Stilted, thoughts, very smart and useful for your next visit to the minister or the member, come in astride of frolics. Poetical imagery occurs to you in describing a gossip with the blacksmith. Bitter views of human nature break on you in a friend's visit and satire, however briskly it goes off, blackens after the flash.—Say all these fine things—be "quite frank," as the schoolmistress bids you—and down slides the social quicksilver to zero! The funny become very polite and the easy very ceremonious and thoughtful, you are left to do all the conversation yourself, and it is thought necessary to express some wonder as to where you light upon "all those beautiful thoughts!" Write these things—jot them silently into the book while the laugh goes on—and you have equally a good deliverance, and less

"Water goeth by the mill
Than wots the miller of."

In plain prose you have the thing 'till you want it. A diary cannot be kept in a drawer. No enthusiasm would long stand the bother of taking it out and putting it back. It must lie on the table amid pens and ink, pencils and sealing wax. Yet, as openness to curiosity would be the death of it, it must be under prohibition in some shape—either "on honor," or by being made skilfully unattractive. Mine—this (I will record the disguise for the benefit of posterity) is a specimen of my own handicraft at book-making—a quarter of a ream, (rather less than more) of hot-pressed Bath post, laid loose into a disembowelled ledger. Why not the ledger itself, quoth you? But I cannot write even the most agreeable kind of prose with which I am conversant, (a receipt) on bad paper, and the ledger, by your leave, is an article of furniture in which I never indulged myself. This, which I speak of, came from London in a box of pickles—stuck in between two belligerent glass jars,—and served Mr. Efkins of Tooley Street, London Bridge (whom I recommend to your custom, and for this he will send me gratis, another box—less cucumbers and more mango, if you please, Mr. Efkins!)—I say it served my friend the pickle-monger, for waste paper and shavings,—the accounts being all paid or "carried over." There is but one uniform for ledgers, of course, but this is partly of polished leather of a vivid molasses tint, polished, not by the Parisian *vernis*, but by the pen-knife of the

head pickle clerk, or his master, who evidently used it for a strop from 1827 to 1830—the dates of the first and last entries in the volume. In a room where there are all manner of gilt-edged book and nick-nackeries, such a plebeian exterior would hardly even tempt my curious nieces, and neighbors' boys and girls, but to be on the safe side, I have printed on a large strip of paper, (wafered on,) *Accounts with T. Patch, butcher*—this being the name of the village perveyor in that class of *pabulum*. It must be an inquisitive person indeed who would dip deeper than the cover in a butcher's account—(a trick I really have not, myself) and, if there be a disadvantage attending it, it is the pleasure I seem to take in cyphering up legs of mutton, *et cetera*—the agreeable young ladies who sometimes honor us having occasionally commented on my assiduity in this employment.

There is an advantage, I should remark, in writing upon loose leaves, for the pig and President Tyler should be left alone in the glory of "settled opinions," and every facility should be afforded to the purification and embellishment of those stubborn gentlemen—black and white. Our good angels smile at blots and erasures, and a prejudice might stand uncorrected for fear of spoiling the book! Then—(and here I fear I shall "smell of the shop," but *lucris bonus odor ex qualibet re*, and the reader will excuse it,) then, I say, a loose leaf, with a negotiable thought upon it, is so handy if one "writes for the papers!" But I am getting beyond "scrap" territory, and must shut up my "ledger."

"Pray, how does that face deserve framing and glazing?" asked a visitor, to-day. The question had been asked before. It is a copy from a head in some old picture—one of a series of studies from the ancient masters, lithographed in France. It represents a peasant of the campagna, and certainly, in Broadway, she would pass for a coarse woman, and not beautiful for a coarse one. I have been brought to think the head coarse and plain, however, by being often called on to defend it. I did not think so when I bought it in a print shop in London. I do not now, unless under catechism.

To me the whole climate of Italy is expressed in the face of that contadina. It is a large, cubical-edged, massy style of feature, which, born in Scotland, would have been singularly harsh and inflexible. There is no refinement in it now, and, to be sure, little mobility or thought—but it is a face in which there is no resistance. That is its peculiarity. The heavy eyelid droops in indolent animal repose. The lips are drowsily sweet. The nostrils seem never to have been distended nor contracted. The muscles of the lips and cheeks have never tingled nor parched. It is a face on which a harsh wind never blew. If the woman be forty, those features have been forty years sleeping in balm—enjoying only—resisting, enduring never. No one could look on it and fancy it had ever suffered or been uncomfortable, or dreaded wind or sun, summer or winter. A picture of St. Peter's—a mosaic of Pæstum—a print of Vesuvius or the Campanile—none of the common souvenirs of travel would be to me half so redolent of Italy.

I thought of this contadina's face in Boston, the other day, for by negatives, it describes the quality and expression of Boston faces—during an east wind. It was on one of the early days of October that I was last there, and so struck was I by the peculiar physiognomy of the people walking the streets, that, old Bostonian as I am, I speculated on the matter with the curiosity of a stranger. I found myself classifying the expressions. There were the elder faces, with lips tightly closed, eyes snugly screwed down, and nostrils pinched, and of a color varying from lively russet to bruised purple. There were the sickly looking, with all these peculiarities in dismal intensity; and there were the youthful, with red eyelids, red chins, red noses, and complexions generally of the snappy glow of a slapped cheek. Every face, old, young and sickly, had the expression of a shut-up house, or an apothecary's shop half open,—a resisting, reluctant, sour look, unhappy, cold and cheerless. Well—the weather was certainly what the English call "nasty." The sun shone, however, and it was as unpenetrating as moonlight. A wind flitted gustily about, of a quality which I had never felt since I was in Boston before—acid, damp, sour and searching—as if its dregs were salt pickle iced, and its particles needle-points. Its effect on the spirits was altogether abominable, and it was hard to think anything beautiful, seen through it, or under its infliction. I recollect when leaving Boston many years ago, being struck, in other cities, with a class of faces I had rarely or never seen before—faces with what the French call *l'air enjoué*—and it seemed to me then like a human sunshine, infectious of gayety. I am persuaded, however, that it can only exist in agreeable climates, for the constant habit of breathing and resisting a sour atmosphere must affect the expression of the features, and does—as any one may see by a very short walk in Boston. Luckily it is a place which can better afford a bad climate than most others, and it is a pity that the agreeable re-action of Boston firesides, which takes the wrinkles so praiseworthy out of their pockets, should not also relax the pinched lines and contracted muscles of their countenances. We are not very handsome in Boston, my dear fellow townsmen! and we grow deuced soon old; but we turn into most worthy and public-spirited mummies, and lay off our juvenilities with an alacrity not less marvellous than timely!

Were Boston to be picked up by the apron of an iceberg, however, and set down farther South, like a cow from a locomotive—what a pleasant city it might be! Fancy looking at that superb mall and its noble skirt of palaces, with the eyes wide open—neither shuddering nor shivering—the muscles positively all expanded, and the admiration not iced—not even curdled! I must make a confession. I tried this experiment! Not the taking up of Boston in my apron, though I felt like an iceberg—

but the looking at it through a warmer atmosphere—with an inward South, so to say. I stood for a half hour in shivering wonder and admiration at the changes in School-street—now looking at the old empire of Master Gould, (the only master under whom I ever studied, by the by,) now at the fine old King's chapel brought out into such proper and noble relief,—now at the spacious areas of the court-house,—the old burying-ground, and the newly opened reaches of the cupolas in State-street, and the fine buildings in Tremont—I looked at all this, I say, to the tune of chattering ivory and shudders audible; and, cold as my heart must seem to the scenes of youth and the flavor of Latinity, I wished myself by any fire, however recent and unclassical. I went to the Tremont and took some brandy and water! This changed the climate slightly—creating, as I said, an inward South, (not old South, in my case, I would say to the Temperance Committee,) and with one more, one much more genial look at the transformed "Court," and the ghost of Barrister's Hall, I turned my back to the East wind, duly admired the massive improvements of the old Granary, the iron fences of the Common, the changes, all for the better, hither and thither, and reached shelter before my appreciation of the public spirit every where manifest was chilled or soured. No city in this country improves so handsomely as Boston, however others may beat the pace. I don't know that they do even that. But doubtless, ere many years, Boston will be a sight worth coming annually to see, and then we must either modify the East wind by a "patent respirator" before it reaches the lips, or plug our pores, or make it a season of unusual indulgence in flannels and brandy-and-water.

WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

A SKETCH.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH, M. D.

There was a tinge of red upon her cheek,
Sweet as the last departing rosiness
Of early morn, that fainter and more faint
Waxeth before the coming of the sun.
Her eyes were filled with brightness till their light
O'erflowed and beamed upon the gazer. Love
Gave to her charms a pensive melancholy,
So sweet that man might scan her entire look
To fall in love with sadness. O'er her harp
Her fingers danced, and from their rosy tips
Sprang music into being. While her hair,
Wooed by the am'rous wind moved modestly,
To 'scape the rude caressing, thus she sang:

"Where the waves are high in motion
On the ocean

Wild and free,
Where the tempest spirits hover
Roams my love

Bold and free.
Mermaids with their melody,
Charm his ear and lead him back to me.

"Of all others he is fairest;
Beauty rarest

On his form;
Heaven shield him with his errors
From the terrors

Of the storm.
Mermaids with their melody,
Charm his ear and lead him back to me."

Alas! for human happiness. The one she loved
Ne'er met her gaze again. Months passed away,
And still so lonely and so sad she seemed,
You might have deemed her a Penelope,
Waiting for her Ulysses.

Fie on truth!

I saw her yesternight. A score of years
Had passed since she and I had met before.
I left her sad and sorrowing for her loss,
Vowing to live and die unwed; and find
That now she is a Mrs. Howard Stubbs,
With fifteen children smiling at her board.

Philadelphia, 1841.

SURPRISING OCCURRENCE.—The wife of a poor woodcutter, named Jean Duval, living near Orleans, recently gave birth to five children, three of whom are females. What renders this more extraordinary is, that she is now the mother of twelve children, though she is but eight years married, and in her twenty seventh year.—*French paper.*

WHAT IS SWEET?

WORDS AND MUSIC BY A. BENSEL.....For the Brother Jonathan.

BISS.

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'Tis sweet, to range thro' twilight shades, And list the ma-vis' song, While swift-ly to the

silent glades The feather'd warblers through: 'Tis sad-ly sweet, on the lake shadows gently fall, To

hear, from henth-er and from brake, the bittern's lonely call,





NEW YORK RIDING COSTUME FOR 1842.



Winter & Spring Fashions for 1842.